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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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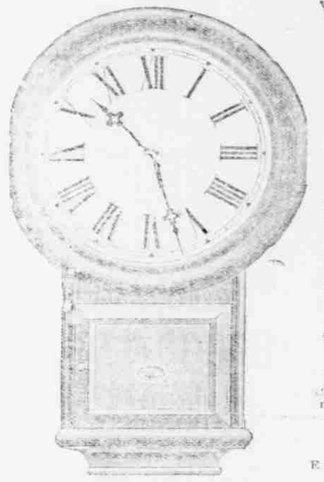

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☞ [June 2-93

ON THE OLD-TIME PORCH.

We sat there yester even' beneath the listening vines,
Where still the mornin' glory above the door-way twines,
And the nightingales were singin' just as they sang of yore,
When first she said "I love you," but now she loves me more!

The same old place; the rocker in which she sat while I,
Half fearful that the stars would hear the secret in the sky,
Leaned her way just a little, and said: "I love you!" Sure,
I meant it then, and loved her true, but now I love her more!

The old days seemed to come again while sitting side by side
Where first she said she'd be my wife—we didn't call it "bride"—
I told her then: "How sweet you are!" an' felt my pulses thrill
With all that sweetness close to me—but now she's sweeter still!

We talked it over, sitting there, near love's own happy lands,
And once more felt the first sweet joy that comes of holdin' hands;
She seemed to be my sweetheart still—'twas all just as before—
But we clasped each other closer, and we loved each other more!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

JOY AT THE FAIR.

The Delightful Experience of a Hard-Working Family.

"Wall, when be we a-goin' to the fair, Alviry?"

"Hev you gone plum crazy, Eben Jenkins? The fair ain't for the likes of us. It's only for rich folks an' such! Don't you read ev'ry night 'bout the big doin's an' the hifalutin' times of the d'rectors, an' the furriners, an' the fixed-up women, gallavantin' roun' ev'rywhere? How'd we look, I'd like to know, attendin' of them receptions they're a-havin' of pink an' yeller an' all sorts of colors, to suit the skins, I s'pose, of all them natives from far-away countries?"

"It's noways likely, Alviry, that we'd be obleeged to j'ine these doin's. I've b'en a-workin' an' savin' for a hull year, jest to go to the fair a few days—you an' me an' the children. It seems like it would give us a taste of somethin' we've needed all our lives."

"I s'pose you'll hev your way, Eben Jenkins; you most always do. But I can't for the life of me tell how we're goin' to pay for the winter's coal, an' the flannels an' shoes, an' ev'rything that'll be comin' along soon enough! Of course, if you go to the fair I'm bourn' to go, too, for didn't I promise to be your pardner for better or for worse, and if it's to be the city of destruction, so long's I draw a bre'th you'll fin' me by your side!"

"Never mine that, Alviry! I know you for a savin' an' a helpin' wife, but as long as I've two good hands you an' the children'll never go hungry, an' it's 'cause of all this that I think we ought to go to the fair, an' I'm mos' sure the money we'll spend'll be made up to us some way."

"I hope it's not flyin' in the face of Providence we are, Eben Jenkins, that's all I've got to say!"

"Next week the shop'll shut up a few days for repairs, an' then, Alviry, we'll all take a vacation an' see some of the wonders that the world has sent to Chicago."

Full, indeed, were the next few days for the members of the little household. There were two children, Hiram, a sturdy boy of twelve, whose fertile brain was hourly working with tremendous zeal upon half-fledged impulses, and his little sister Ruth, who had quiet, dreamy ways, "for all the world jest like her father, imaginin' an' visionin'," her mother said, "but sweet an' lovin' for all that!"

It was but a few hours' ride to Chicago, and then Eben Jenkins and his wife and children drifted into the great human current sweeping on in ceaseless course to the White City and its wonders.

It was a pleasant sight to watch this family of four within the gates. The father was thickset and strongly built, with an air of rugged strength and purpose. His garments were chosen more for wear than nicety of fit; his necktie was awry and his stiff boots creaked, but there was something wholesome and helpful about him that rested all who saw him.

His wife was slim and spare and moved with nervous energy. Her clothing dated some seasons back, but this she did not mind. Fashion did not bother her. Hiram's jacket and trousers were of home manufacture, made from "father's," and large enough to "grow in." The only bit of finery about the party was little Ruthie's hat, with its pink ribbons and apple blossoms, no prettier than the childish face beneath them. The children carried between them a huge lunch basket woven of sweet-scented grasses, a family souvenir from "way down east."

Through the streets, and over bridges, and on and on untiringly they went until they reached the Administration building. Scarcely had a word been spoken, the silence only being broken by the children's exclamations.

Suddenly Mrs. Jenkins stopped. She seemed strangely agitated. The veins upon her forehead were swollen, and her looks betrayed repressed emotion.

"What is it, Alviry? Is anything the matter? Are you feelin' sick?"

"Feelin'! Eben Jenkins, what ain't I feelin'? I might as well out with it first as last! I'll give in, 'twas jest a burnin' shame of me opposin' you 'bout comin' to such a he'venly place! Seems like I can't get over it, an' I ain't got no words to tell how sorry I am, nor how glad I am that you went right on so quiet like an' had your own way. Why, it's worth livin' a full lifetime to leave the housework an' the drudgery, and forgit it, as if it never was! With all the whiteness, an' the music playin', an' the peaceful feelin' everywhere, it's mos' like the fulfillin' of the blessed Promise!"

"It's paid already, Alviry, bein' its done you good," said her husband, in gentle tones, turning toward her a beaming face, with a kindly light in his honest eyes. "It is real helpin' an' upliftin' like. An' don't you notice, Alviry, how there's nothin' noisy, nor boisterous 'mongst all the people. It's jest as if there was somethin' of a Sunday sacred feelin' in the grandness of it all!"

Frugal and hard working and industrious, Eben Jenkins and his wife had found little time for even the simple pleasures within their means. But now there had come to them a privilege passing beyond mere pleasure, and wakening to life the unworded delight of new thoughts and purposes and ideals.

The same earnestness that entered into their daily duties ruled them, in their visits to the various buildings and exhibits. The children asked questions, and the parents answered them as best they could. Every moment of the few days they could spend at this marvelous world gathering, must mean something to all of them. Eben Jenkins was a machinist, and possessed, to a large degree, the inventive faculty. Many were the devices fashioned by his skill, and used by his employers with profit, but thus far they had brought him no financial gain, a never ceasing cause of regret to his wife, who often remonstrated with him, for "spendin' so much time evenin's at somethin' that didn't bring no pennies to their pockits." His answer always was, that he "didn't count as wasted what might do somebody good some time."

He was standing one day before an exhibit of a machine in which he was greatly interested, when his wife reminded him of the passing time. "I do declare, Eben, it seems like you was measurin' every inch, an' countin' ev'ry screw, an' calculatin' ev'ry thing 'bout that machine!"

"Don't grudge me a little time here, Alviry! This seems to clear up somethin' I've b'en studyin' on for ever so long, an' as sure as I can make it work we'll none of us ever be sorry we come to the world's fair."

They had spent nearly a week at the fair, and had but one more day to stay. They had been to Maine's state building, "just to see," they said, "if it would seem like home," and, sure enough, they fancied that the hills were nearer and that they could almost taste the salt sea breeze. The childhood days came back, and the village schoolhouse under the bending maples and the old-time memories were full upon them, as they sat down to rest and recall more vividly life's early scenes.

The children, Hiram and Ruth, had wandered a little distance and were talking to a man seated alone upon a bench. "And so you little folks have come to the world's fair?" he was saying to them. "Can't you tell me your names?"

"My name is Hiram Newton Jenkins," responded the boy, "an' my sister's name is Ruthie Newton Jenkins, an' our father an' mother's over there, an' we've all been in the Maine buildin' 'cos they used to live there when they was little, like us."

Suddenly the stranger rose, and, calling to the children, hastened to the place where their parents sat.

"Alviry, have you forgotten me?" Mrs. Jenkins looked up at the oronzed face of the strange man for an instant, and then cried out: "Brother Jacob, that we've mourned as dead for many years? For all the world, a miracle, an' nothin' else!"

Explanations quickly followed. Jacob Newton had left his home in Maine long years before for the far west. Sickness and lost letters and removals had followed, and so the brother and sister had drifted apart. This year he had been down to the old home in Maine, and was taking in the fair on his return trip. And still more news he had to tell, about the death of an old aunt who had left three thousand dollars to this brother and sister in case they could be found within two years, failing which, the sum was to revert to a certain charity.

Words cannot paint the blessedness of such reunions. Tenderness and joy and strength spring up like flowers and wreathe with beauty life's duties and its trials.

"Eben Jenkins," said his wife to him, in tones of unwonted gentleness, "don't you know the hull world seems different from what it ever did before? Sort of swimmin' roun' in smiles like! An' I'm so glad, it's all come 'bout through us goin' to the world's fair. I never shall feel a bit skerry 'bout your havin' your own way after this!"

"Sometimes, Alviry, I'm thinkin' it ain't our own way we're havin' so much as 'tis the Lord's way. Wa'nt it the Lord that put it into the minds of all the nations to come together an' bring their treasures an' show 'em to each other, an' how can it help bein' a blessin' to all who go to seek the knowledge He's set out like a feast before 'em! It's sure enough like settin' down to our He'venly Father's table an' partakin' of His bounty!"—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

A Queer Little Quaker Custom.

Near the city of Philadelphia there are a few quaint old villages where Quakers and Quaker customs are to be found just as they were in the days of good old William Penn. You have no idea how odd some of these customs are. A few days ago a New York lady was traveling through one of these little villages, and, being tired, she stopped at an old brick farm-house to rest. Immediately there came out a little girl, dressed all in gray, who invited her to come in the house and have a cup of tea and some cakes. When the lady had partaken of her refreshment and turned to go, she offered the old-fashioned maid in gray some candy out of a sweetmeat box which she carried at her belt.

"No, I thank thee," said the little one bashfully. "I thank thee—but no."

"Please take the candy," urged the lady. "I want to give it to you because you have been so kind to me."

For a minute the little one hesitated. She put out her hand, as if yielding to temptation, and then drew it back resolutely, as she said:

"I thank thee, no. I may not take the candy now, because when thee asked me first, if I would have some, I told thee no, and now I may not take any until thee comes some other day."
—N. Y. Ledger.

Rustic Wit.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England, told a good story the other day at a reception given him by a Boston gentleman. He said that the English rustics are sometimes regarded as rather feeble-minded and not very promising persons for ministers to work among, but they once in awhile show a native shrewdness by no means to be despised. One of them, one day, leading his donkey, was met by a sportsman, well dressed and equipped, who hailed him with the request: "What shall I give you to have a shot at that donkey?" "O, don't shoot the donkey," drawled the rustic, "let brotherly love continue."

ARITHMETIC LOSING GROUND.

The Principal of a School Notes a Change in Favorite Studies.

These facts about the decline of arithmetic as an educator were gathered from the principal of one of the Detroit public schools by a writer for the Free Press. What he says applies only to the Detroit schools, though it would seem that the failure of what was ten years ago regarded as the most important grammar school study might not be confined to the city limits of the place named. In the latter part of the '70s, and well along in the '80s, he says, the pupil who was quickest and surest in arithmetic was also the quickest and surest to gain the esteem and influence of the teacher. He might be an ignoramous in geography, an undecipherable penman, slow to perceive the principle of grammar, and a miserable speller, but if he grasped the point and pith of a catch problem in decimals or in fractions, his future (promotion to a higher class) was assured. But a change, gradual and sure, has been going on in the curriculum of the common school. The arithmetical despot has taken a seat in the rear, while the young fellow who seeks after real information in the form of history of lands, peoples and government, correct spelling and speech now sits on a front bench. The human mind is unsettled in its youthful stage. It requires training, and the school exists only for this purpose.

Arithmetic was once supposed to be the best form of mind-training. It brought into full play the powers of reason, and was placed first in importance. But experience proved that while the reason was to a certain extent exercised the memory was neglected. Again, the longest time and hardest work were devoted to arithmetic, and the other studies were disregarded. With all of these concessions the arithmetic lesson was not more than half learned. To-day the pupil delves deeper into the more intellectual researches of civil government, grammar, geography and reading. He can tell you now something about the destinies of government and people that hinge about a presidential election. He takes an interest not only in the doings of Mayor Pingree in Detroit, but of Mr. Cleveland at Washington, Mr. Gladstone in England, Senor Castelar in Spain, Premier Crispi in Italy, and the young emperor in Germany. He knows all about the late Hawaiian incident, and with delightful accuracy describes to you the location and importance of the islands, their climate, people and government. He has begun to read the standard authors, and with assurance that is attractive, because an evidence of a bright mind, he compares Thackeray, Scott and Dickens, and tells you where this one leads and the other lacks.

CALLING UP TRAVELERS.

A Brace of Odd Experiences in Western Village Towns.

Every traveling man has had his experience with the intelligent bell boy who "calls" for the early train.

"I was pounding my ear pretty lively one night in a Texarkana hotel," said a Texas man to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter, "when a big thumping on my door brought me up sitting in bed.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Boss!' said the darky, 'is you de man what wants to go on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy?'

"I had left no 'call' and I made that darky understand so in a few short words. He tackled the next door, and I heard him ask again:

"'Boss, is you de man what wants to go on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy?'

"The answer was terrific. The darky was awed. For about five minutes he was still, as if absorbed in thought. Then I heard him say to himself in an argumentative tone:

"'Dar's some 'un in dis hall who wants to go on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy. I dun forgot de number.'

"He went down the line repeating the performance at seven doors before he reached the man who wanted to go 'on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy.'"

An Illinois man thought he could parallel this evidence of sagacity. He said:

"I stopped one night in the hotel at Shawneetown, and left a 'sure call' for the boat which was expected along about four a. m. I went to bed and slept peacefully until the racket at the door aroused me.

"'All right,' I said.

"'Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!' sang out the darky. 'You wanted to catch de Padooky boat? Well, dey ain't no use o' you getting up. De boat's done gone, sah.'"

Everyone His Own Life Preserver.

The children of Italian beggars are often seen to be covered with tumors and wens, while otherwise they are perfectly healthy. An inquisitive surgeon has found the cause of the swelling. It is a trick of the father or mother to appeal the more strongly to the charity of the world. With an instrument like a hypodermic syringe the skin is punctured and the breath is blown into it, causing it to stand out like a tumor or other excrescence in a way that would deceive almost anyone. Dr. Sylvester, an English physician, has made practical use of the discovery by converting a man's skin into a life preserver. His method is to puncture the flesh of the cheek, from the inside of the mouth, until the small holes reach to the outer skin. By then closing the mouth and blowing hard the cheeks are filled with air, so that a person seems to have a little balloon on each side of the face. It is almost impossible to sink in that condition. After leaving the water a gentle pressure of the hand forces out the air and the cheek resumes the normal shape. It is therefore possible for every man to be his own life preserver.—Paris American Register.

Australian Outlaws.

The bushranger, of Australia, and our own western road agent have objects and methods of business in the main identical, but they differ in minor details and in their distinctive slang. The unfortunate traveler who meets a western road agent is "held up;" his experiences with an Australian bushranger would be practically similar, except that he would be "hailed up," while if he met one of the craft in New Zealand he would be "stuck up."

A TEXAS GATEWAY.

Wonderful Ingenuity of the Tiny Ants in the Lone Star State.

The author of "Tenants of an Old Farm" tells of one of the remarkable habits of the cutting-ants in Texas, as observed by him. It relates to the opening and shutting of the gates which communicate with the interior of the mound nests, which he found were opened and closed before and after every exit the ants make. These gates are simply little heaps of dry leaves, twigs and other refuse, which are seen scattered here and there over the mound as one approaches it in daytime.

When I first saw them I was completely deceived, and thought them nothing more than accidental accumulations. I found out, however, that these piles were raised above the surface opening of the galleries that penetrated the mound and filled the mouths to the depth sometimes of an inch and a half.

The leaves and chips were intermingled with pellets of soil, and occasionally below them the galleries were quite sealed with pellets. The galleries frequently slant inward from the gate, and at as great an angle as forty-five degrees. Sometimes they deflect a short distance from the top. These conformations allow more readily the process of closing, as they give a purchase to the material used.

The doors are opened about dusk. First appear the minims, the very small forms, creeping out of minute holes, which they have doubtless made by working inside and carrying grains of sand away from the heap. Presently larger forms follow, carrying away bits of refuse, which they drop a couple of inches, more or less, from the gate.

This is a slow process, and apparently nothing is accomplished for a long time. But evidently the whole mass of plugging is thus gradually loosened. Then comes the final burst, with soldiers, majors and minors in the lead, who rush out, bearing before them the rubbish, which flies here and there, and in a few moments is cleared away from the gallery and spread around the margin of the gate.

These chips are doubtless gathered together for this purpose, and are among the treasured properties of the ants, being kept near by for such service. I easily identified many pieces as being thus used several days in succession.

The doors remain open to give exit and entrance to the swarms of leaf-gatherers until morning, when they are gradually closed, the process continuing in some cases until half-past ten. In shutting up the house the minors appear to begin by dragging the scattered refuse toward the hole.

One by one they are taken in and the ingenuity shown in this is very great. The workers proceed by adjusting the longest stalks and leaves that can stretch across and wedge into the mouth of the gallery, and then laying the shorter ones atop of these.

As the hole gradually fills up the smaller castes of workers appear upon the field and take up the work to which their slighter frames are adapted.

The last touches are carefully and delicately made by the minims who in small squads fill in the remaining interstices with minute grains of sand, and finally the last laborer steals in behind some bit of leaf and the gate is closed.

AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.

GLASS bricks are on exhibition at the world's fair. They are intended for buildings wherein great light is needed.

THE national congress of San Salvador has granted President Carlos Ezeta a six months' leave of absence to visit the Chicago fair, and voted him ten thousand dollars "to cover probable expenses."

CAPT. MAGNUS ANDERSON, who brought the Viking ship from Borgen to this country, is a Norwegian editor off on a vacation that lasts till August 1. He is taking the Viking's trip chiefly for his health and pastime.

VISITORS to the world's fair will do well to provide clothing for cold weather, even in July. The lake winds have a trick of sending out arctic gales at the most unexpected periods, and the weather of Chicago is capable of as many changes a day as there are hours.

AN interesting feature of the Harvard university exhibit in the educational department of the world's fair is a collection of glass flowers representing the flora of our own country, so delicately painted and modeled that the closest observer could hardly detect the counterfeit.

FLOWERS AND TREES.

THE water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food. The fruit of some species that grow plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut.

THE Jerusalem artichoke has no connection whatever with the holy city of the Hebrews. It is a species of sunflower and gets its name from the girasole, one of the scientific names of that genus of plants.

ALL the West India islands down to Trinidad just off the coast of Venezuela, are recognized by their flora and fauna as being far more nearly related to the northern part of the western world than to South America.

THE last annual circle of wood leaves an accumulation of living cells upon its surface, and toward midsummer these cells produce an abundance of new ones until the aggregate is sufficient to form a new annual layer. This process on common trees requires about six weeks.

BRIGHT AND BRIEF.

THE right kind of a man never loses by defeat.

THERE is no poorer man than the rich man who never gives.

NO HONOR can be conferred upon the memory of a good man by a monument.

IF there is any selfishness in a man it will be sure to crop out when he is hungry.

THE best lighted streets are traveled the most. Wear a smile if you want to be useful.

A good thing to do on cloudy days is to try to push the clouds away from somebody else's windows.—Ram's Horn.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

One of Kit Carson's Many Daring Adventures.

In the summer of 1851 our party was crossing the great plains en route to California. We numbered thirty-eight men in all, and our outfit, with its eight wagons, teams and necessary supplies, was a very valuable one. In those days overland emigrants had literally to fight their way. Eternal vigilance was the price at which life and property were preserved.

Nevertheless we had reached well into Arizona without a serious mishap, having lost neither a man nor an animal on our long journey.

One day we were tolling along between Mogollor mountains and Black Butte when far away to the left, riding diagonally across our course, we saw a single horseman whom, even at that distance, we knew to be a white man.

Splendidly mounted on a jet-black horse he was making rapid progress, but we could not at first imagine why he pressed on so furiously, nor why, as he could plainly see our white-topped wagons, he did not make directly for us. Our surprise at his apparent avoidance of us was increased when our guide, Joe Carroll, riding in advance of the train, presently called out:

"Close up, boys, and form corral. We'll likely have a fight before long. There's sixty or more Apache chasing that lone rider, and they'll have him, sure! See how they're spreading out, the murdering villains! They know the ground ahead of them."

Sure enough, we could now see, just coming over the ridge of a distant rise in the plain, a band of mounted Indians, who, as they advanced, gradually extended their line as if to prevent the hunted man from swerving to the right or left.

"Why in thunder don't the blamed fool ride straight for us?" impatiently exclaimed Tom Ross, our captain.

"For a mighty good reason," replied Joe. "Between us and him, right in the middle of that smooth-looking plain, and running square across his path, lies Devil's gulch. It's more than three miles long, very wide in places, and no living thing has ever seen the bottom of it. The reds say it has none. There's no rise on either side of it, and it can't be seen till one gets close up; but those devils and that poor fellow, too, know it's there. He's opposite the center of it now, and the bloodthirsty brutes see that he won't have time to clear either end before they overhaul him. So they're sure of his scalp, but they'll have to ride around the gulch to get at us."

"They'll pay dearly for that scalp, then," savagely shouted Capt. Ross. "Grab your rifles, boys, and thirty of you come along. Let the others stick to the corral. I'm afraid we can't save the man, but if a lot of you can get to the gully before the reds retreat beyond rifle-shot we'll have revenge, anyhow."

We had no saddle horses except three ridden by Ross and Carroll, and as we were barely a half mile from the ravine, no time would be gained by unharnessing and mounting the draught animals. So our leaders spurred on ahead and we followed on foot as fast as our legs could carry us.

At the moment we started the beset horseman was about as far from one side of the gulch as we were from the other. He was still riding at top speed, but to our amazement, as we judged within four hundred yards of the barrier he brought the pace of his horse down to a hand-gallop, thus enabling the yelling, exultant savages to gain rapidly on him.

It seemed strange that the apparently doomed man should deliberately, in this manner, shorten his brief span of life. It must be, we conjectured, only because he wished to sell it more dearly, for now we saw him half turn in the saddle and throw up his rifle. A puff of smoke, a report, almost inaudible to us, and the foremost warrior, who had come within a hundred and fifty yards of his hoped-for prey, reeled in his seat and pitched headlong to the earth, his trained pony remaining motionless by the dead body.

Never checking the easy lope of his horse the white man reloaded with incredible speed, turned once more and brought down another of his pursuers, while the scattering volley fired at him in return proved harmless.

Our mounted comrades had by this time nearly reached the gulch. Suddenly one of them, Joe Carroll, turned back and, galloping toward us, shouted:

"It's Kit Carson, boys! And sure as you live he's letting his horse gather himself for an attempt to leap the gully in one particular spot where it's only twenty feet wide. Hurry along like lightning, so as to get within shot of the reds if they're fools enough to follow him to the edge."

Loud cheers greeted this startling revelation, and every man of us ran as if the world's fate depended upon his individual speed. But, strain as we might, we were still over three hundred yards from the to us invisible ravine, when Kit Carson twisted about, fired again with unerring aim, and a third savage fell. Then he dropped his rifle, threw his heavy holsters and pistols to the ground, and sitting well down in his saddle, rode straight for the yawning chasm.

Tom Ross had gained the hither-side of the gulch, and the guide was hurrying back to join him; but we, now that the crisis had come, were so fascinated by the sight of Carson's sublime daring that we involuntarily came to a full stop, breathlessly awaiting the result.

On, with short, springy bounds, came the black stallion, and Ross, as he afterward told us, was close enough to mark how his mighty muscles seemed to bunch and gather into hardened knots as he caught sight of the awful leap before him.

Calmly resolute, his unblinking gaze fixed upon the spot selected for his desperate venture, sat the rider. With tightened rein, he holds the noble horse to his course until within fifty feet of the ravine's sharp brink, then gives him a free head and, for the first time, lets the cruel Mexican spurs touch his glossy flanks, while from his own lips rings out a defiant cry of triumph, as if victory were already assured.

Shortening yet more his stride and crouching like pather about to spring, the beautiful animal nears the gaping void, and we see him shoot, rocket-like, high in the air, while the Indians, still a hundred yards distant, are stricken dumb and motionless by sheer wonder. One half-second of suspense; then we break once more into wild cheers, for the powerful stallion has cleared the chasm and reached the opposite bank. Ah, no! Something is wrong. From where we stand we can see the head and shoulders of rider and horse; but both are stationary. Neither shows out in full, and instantly we understand, that, although the latter may have jumped far more than twenty feet, he has been obliged to "take off" too far back from the crumbling edge of the ravine and has fallen short of perfect success.

A low moan of horror runs through our helpless crowd. All seems lost! Not for ten seconds can the chest and forefeet of the good horse maintain their precarious hold. He and his rider must fall backward into the terrible abyss. Tom Ross sits in his saddle not twenty feet away, paralyzed by the emminence of the danger. Not otherwise can we account for his inaction while fractions of seconds are precious.

One instant more, and the gallant pair must perish before our eyes. But, no; the old plainsman, Joe Carroll, had come within fifty yards of the gulch when the leap was made, and now, as he spurs on still faster, we see his right hand whirling around his head—though too far off to see what the hands hold, we know what that the motion means—and in another moment, while yet a score of feet from his mark, he has thrown the loop of his lasso around the imperiled man's body and his horse upon its haunches at the same time. The well-trained animal instantly pulls backward; the tough rawhide line tightens, and Kit Carson lies safe upon the sward!

Alas, though, for the poor steed! Before his master has been fairly drawn from his back, he topples over and, with a shrill cry, more fearful than that of a human being in its agony, falls down—down—down to a swift, but happily painless, death.

Then we awoke from our trance of terror and ran with might and main toward the scene. We found our leaders each clasping a hand of the famous scout, and were in time to hear him say:

"I've squeezed through lots of tighter places than this, men, but have never before paid such a price for my life. No amount of money could have tempted me to part with that horse. He's saved my scalp over and over again and has at last died for me. But," turning to us, "quick with your rifles, boys! Those red devils are going to run for it."

"Steady men, steady," enjoined Kit Carson. "Shoot to kill."

"Now boys, now!" prompted the veteran fighter, as the cloud of ponies turned tail to us, thereby partially exposing their riders.

Thirty rifles cracked at the word, and four mustangs and nine braves went down; but before we could reload, every dead or wounded Indian was caught up between two of his unhurt comrades and, with demoniacal yells of rage, the whole crowd skurried away.

Then we brought our wagons down to the ravine, made a temporary bridge with their poles lashed together end to end in pairs, and quickly recovered Kit Carson's weapons.

"How was it, Mr. Carson?" asked Carroll, "the reds seem to have got the start of you this time?"

"Yes," quietly replied the renowned pioneer. "I was fairly surprised for once. I've been out for some days trying to locate an easier road through the foothills. Having seen no Indian 'sign' about these parts, I rode carelessly round a bluff this morning and ran almost on top of that band of Apaches. They were coming straight toward me, not more than forty rods off, and nothing but the speed of my horse saved me. They've paid pretty dearly for their fun, though. You'll see no more of them this trip."

"But why did you take the chances of such a jump, instead of riding off in another direction?" inquired another of our party.

"Well," replied Carson, "it was risky. But I knew the width of that narrow spot to an inch, and believed Blackbird could clear it, thus in a moment gaining three miles. The reds would have given up the chase then, even if your party hadn't been in sight, for they would have been obliged to ride a mile and a half twice over to get round the ravine; whereas if I'd taken to the open country they would have followed me for days. Those wiry mustangs have no end of bottom.

"My poor horse did jump more than far enough, but as you can see by the marks of his hoofs on the other side, he started fully four feet from the edge, and so fell short in his landing. Still, he would have saved himself if he'd been perfectly fresh, for he has more than once, with me heavily armed on his back, cleared a space of twenty-five measured feet."

Kit Carson, with whom I afterward became acquainted, was at this time in the prime of life—about forty-two years of age, I think; and from his rather slight form, low, soft voice and modest demeanor was the last man in the world a casual observer would have pitched upon as one of the most adventurous pioneers, daring scouts and successful Indian fighters known to American frontier history.

He remained with us two days, but on the third day we overtook a large party of emigrants, from one of whom he purchased a thoroughbred Kentucky mare, and bidding us a hearty God-speed, rode off toward his temporary headquarters on the Rio Verde as unconcernedly as though totally unaware that everywhere in that region lurked ruthless enemies thirsting for as blood.
—W. Thomson, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE BARNYARD.

AS THE comfort of the animal is destroyed, so is its profitableness reduced.

THE time to get rid of old or otherwise unprofitable animals is before the pastures fail seriously.

HAVE a good shade for the hog lot if it has to be built of boards and during haying. It never pays to let swine cook in the hot sun.

THE work team is kept in the best condition more by regularity and manner of feeding than by the greatest amount of food.

IF there is any rule more important in stock raising than to have the animal gain something every day from the time it is born until it is put upon the market, we have not heard of it.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Judge of Supreme Court,
SAMUEL G. THOMPSON, of Philadelphia.

For State Treasurer,
FRANK C. OSBURN, of Pittsburg.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Treasurer,
JOSEPH BENGELE, of Gallitzin Bor.

For County Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.

For Poor Director,
JOHN BEST, of Johnstown.

For Auditors,
W. C. BERRY, of Wilmore Bor.
F. E. FARABAUGH, of Carroll Twp.

A STEAMSHIP sailed from Newport News, for Liverpool, last week, which carried among her cargo 1,275 hogsheads of tobacco, the largest shipment ever made from a Virginia port.

FARMER John Ashenbaugh, of York county, Pa., fired on a pigeon feeding on top of a stack of grain. That stack was set on fire and from it four others, resulting in the seaon's entire crop being destroyed.

GERONIMO, the once powerful and cruel Indian chieftain of the West, is now a quiet and peaceful prisoner at Mt. Vernon barracks, an army post upon the Alabama river, a short distance above Mobile.

THE silver senators are still talking against time and there appears to be nothing for the masses of the people to do but put up with it. This may do for a time but there will be a time of reckoning when the people get aroused.

FIVE thousand Hebrews assembled at Mile End, in London, to observe the Day of Atonement. The building was crowded to suffocation, but the people did not dare attempt to leave for twelve hours, which time the suffering of the worshipers was very severe.

THE Dominion Labor Congress at Montreal adopted a resolution asking the Government to submit to popular vote the questions of imperial federation and political union with the United States. An amendment declaring for Canadian independence was afterwards carried by a large majority.

A RECENT cyclone in Iowa followed the route of a railroad for many miles. Deliberation on this fact has convinced a Keokuk theorist that it is possible to conduct all the cyclones out into the open sections of the country, where they can do little harm, by having railroads convenient for them to travel on.

ASPIRANTS for a place on the state supreme bench take very little consolation in the fact that unless death strikes the court there will be no vacancy on it until 1900, when chief Justice Sterrett retires. He will be followed in 1902 by by Judge Green, and after that there will be no break until 1909, unless by death or resignation.

IN nominating William B. Hornblower, New York, to succeed to the vacancy in the Supreme Court left by the death of Judge Blachford, and J. J. Van Allen, Rhode Island, to be ambassador to Italy, President Cleveland sprung a double surprise on the politicians. The fitness of both gentlemen for the positions to which they have been nominated is conceded by all, and there is no trouble about their confirmation.

ROBERT SMITH, a negro, criminally assaulted Mrs. Bishop, a white woman at Roanoke, Va. He was arrested and placed in jail. A crowd gathered for the purpose of lynching the fiend. Soldiers called out to guard the jail fired on the crowd killing 12 persons and wounding 20 others. Later the negro was lynched and his body burned. Much feeling exists over the act of the soldiers in firing upon the people.

THERE is no improvement in the political situation in the Argentine Republic. On Saturday the revolutionists in the province of Tucuman tore up the railway tracks in order to prevent the troops under command of General Pellegrina, who had been sent to restore order to those provinces, from reaching the scenes of the trouble. The Diaro, of the city, has been compelled by the government to suspend publication for infringing the rules of press censor.

THE statisticians are widely at variance in their estimates of the wheat crop. The "Cincinnati Price Current" thinks that the yield has not fallen much, if any, below 400,000,000 bushels, while "Bradstreet's" figures out a crop of at least 440,000,000 bushels; and several other authorities take exceptions to the Government data from which the crop yield is estimated at about 380,000,000 bushels. After all, however, the calculations of the Federal Department of Agriculture are likely to be the most widely credited.

THE majority of the Senate, says the New York *World*, desire to vote for the repeal of the law which has proved so disastrous to the country. The business interests of the nation demand its repeal. Popular sentiment demands it.

Five Senators declare in behalf of a small minority that the majority shall not rule, that the popular will shall not prevail, that the business interests of the country shall not be safeguarded.

How long does the majority propose to countenance this extraordinary spectacle? How long is popular sentiment to tolerate it?

It is high time to assert the principle of majority rule and deal summarily with an abuse as detrimental to the country as it is anomalous and scandalous.

ON Tuesday President Cleveland appointed Philip G. Fenlon as postmaster at Ebensburg. The appointment of a Democrat to this office, as well as a number of others in Cambria county, should have been made long ago, but it is better late than not at all. The editor of this paper, and the writer of this, was an applicant for the appointment under the impression that our services to the party as a worker for its good, whether in adversity or prosperity, should have some recognition, but under the ruling of Mr. Cleveland that one term (or a part of a term in our case) was enough for anyone except himself, we went down.

In the appointment of Mr. Fenlon we bow, with all due deference to the superior knowledge of Cambria county's wants in politics, to the gentlemen from Bellefonte and Philadelphia, who insisted on making the appointment, and trust that they know exactly what is best for Cambria county Democrats.

The appearance of Mr. Fenlon as a polical factor in Cambria county is something new and an unknown quantity; when he hurls his political weight on the Republicans this fall, we trust the gentlemen from Bellefonte and Philadelphia, who have taken Cambria county under their wing, will have much to rejoice over, and that the people of Cambria will learn to appreciate the fact that the political plums falling to her Democracy will be charitably dispensed by gentlemen from afar, who have had better success in dealing out postoffices than in sending delegates from Cambria to gubernatorial conventions.

ST. LOUIS is already in the field says the Pittsburg *Post*, for the next world's fair, in 1903, in celebration of the centennial of the acquisition of the territory of Louisiana by the United States. The treaty was made in 1803, but the transfer of the territory did not take place until the following year. A feature of the celebration already determined on is the dedication of a monument to Thomas Jefferson. The territory acquired by the treaty with France embraced about 1,500,000 square miles, or half the area of the United States, and twice the area at that time. From it have been made the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Nebraska and Kansas. Fourteen states in all, as against the original 13. Oklahoma and the Indian territory also lie within the boundaries purchased from France. Aside from the declaration of independence and the adoption of the federal constitution this treaty was probably the most important event in American history.

THE net state debt, says the Philadelphia *Times*, now amounts to only $2,400,000, or about forty-five cents per capita. This is State Treasurer Morrison's gratifying assurance, and the amount can be called square all around in two years should the Legislature so decide. The sinking fund is really sufficient to meet every dollar, and the State's resources, already drawn upon for $5,000,000 public school appropriation annually, may soon be directed to perfecting a comprehensive system of road improvements. The common highways of the Commonwealth are in a tortuous condition. An efficient road law, similar, say, to the plan in operation in New Hampshire, would add to the value of farming lands and open sections to agriculture now closed to development because of the impossibility of marketing the harvests and crops. A road law assisting the private enterprise of resident owners or the operations of County Commissioners would cover the bill.

PEOPLE should not fail to remember that Joseph Bengele, the Democratic candidate for county treasurer; Hoke Smith, who branded the veterans as unworthy and dishonest; and the Chicago platform, which has stood the prosperity of the country on its head, all belong to the same party and espouse the same cause. —*Gosling.*

Joseph Bengele, belongs to the Democratic party and is proud of it. He belongs to the party that is willing to and anxious that every deserving veteran should have a pension, but that the bounty jumpers and frauds shall not get their fingers into the treasury in the name of patriotism. The Chicago platform if followed will bring prosperity as the days for protection to favored classes are over. The people have spoken at two elections and although the members of the g. o. p. are loth to realize it and want another chance, the days for getting alms for a few protected industries have gone by.

THE American Manufacturer says: "A Russian who claims to have made a thorough investigation of the source of natural gas advances the theory that the gas is the product of the salt water, which is found in the locality from 1,200 to 1,500 feet below the surface of the earth, coming in contact with the molton carbides in the earth's interior. He has partly proved it by subjecting the salt water to the conditions, and producing a gas which could not be distinguished from the natural article. He also subjected to the conditions of a further development of this theory, and produced oil similar to the oil found in gas regions. If the theory is correct we shall continue to have natural gas as long as the earth has heat and the salt seas remain."

IN conversation at Washington on Tuesday Congressman Wilson said he had already commenced work on his tariff bill, and that, unless some unexpected difficulties arise, there would probably be no sub-committees appointed on the several schedules, as was done in the case of the McKinley bill, and that no announcement of the progress made would be given out until the completed bill was ready for presentation to the House.

THE idea the earth is slowly drying up has quite a set-back by the recent announcement of the hydrographic engineers that the Gulf of Mexico is one foot higher than it was in 1850.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23, 1893

The humiliation of Tom Reed and his lieutenant, Burrows, of Michigan, when they learned that the Democrats of the House proposed to put an effectual quietus upon Republicans filibustering against the reporting of the Tucker bill for the repeal of all laws authorizing the presence of U. S. officials at elections, was a pleasing sight to Democratic eyes. Because the Democrats of the House in the adoption of regular rules had been extremely lenient towards the minority the Republicns assumed that no check would be put on filibustering. They were given free rope for awhile because there was no quorum of Democrats present, but as soon as a quorum of Democrats was on hand they were effectually squelched by an order reported from the committee on Rules and the bill was reported to the House. This order was not the result of any assumption of power by a single individual, as were rulings of Tom Reed when he was Speaker; it was authorized by a Democratic caucus, as such things always should be. The Republicans are to be allowed to name any reasonable length of time during which the debate on this bill shall be carried on, but they are not to be allowed to filibuster against a vote upon it after legitimate debate has been exhausted.

The public tariff hearings were concluded this week, and the Democrats on the House Ways and Means committee are now at work upon the bill. Although the number of days were fewer than were given by some of the other committees, more time was given by the committee than was ever given before for public hearings. Chairman Wilson, speaking of the preparation of the new tariff, said: "The Democratic members will work together. Some of the schedules will be prepared by all of the Democrats together, while others will be referred to subcommittees for preparation, previous to being revised by the full Democratic membership of the committee. It is not possible to say when the bill will be completed, but it will require more time than some of those who have never had a tariff bill to prepare seem to think necessary. We might fix up a measure in short order, but it is not that kind of a bill we want to present to this country. Legislation affecting so many interests must be very carefully considered and its effects calculated before we can hope to perfect a bill which can stand the many tests to which it will be subjected when enacted into a law. Such a measure as this cannot be successfully hurried. We shall, however, lose no time, and hope to present it to the House at the earliest possible moment consistent with the important interests involved."

Several times this week the Senate has aroused public expectation by appearing to be on the eve of final contest over the Vorhees repeal bill, but the end is not yet. Senator Mills, of Texas, made one of the strongest speeches of the week, in favor of repeal; Senator Vorhees made a characteristic explanation of his position in answer to criticisms because he has not forced a vote, calling the attention of the country to the fact that it is simply impossible to force a vote under the present rules of the Senate, rules which have not been materially changed for more than eighty years, and the Republican Senators, for and against the bill, had a regular monkey and parrot time among themselves. It is expected that the attempt to reach a vote by means of of a continous session of the Senate will be made in a few days, (the daily sittings have been already lengthtened) and if that fails the bill will either have to be abandoned or a compromise reached by concessions on both sides be adopted. President Cleveland is still confident that the bill can be passed and for that reason declines to consider anything in the shape of a compromise.

Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, was in Washington a few days ago for the purpose of getting his fingers in the Hawaiian pie, but he cut short his stay when he learned the whole matter was already settled so far as the administration is concerned, and that President Cleveland is only waiting for the Senate to dispose of the Vorhees bill before he sends it a special message on Hawaii, accompanied by Mr. Blount's reports.

In nominating William B. Hornblower, of New York, to succeed to the vacancy in the Supreme Court left by the death of Justice Blanchford, and J. J. Van Allen, of Rhode Island, to be Ambassador to Italy, the President sprung a double surprise on the politicians. The fitness of both gentlemen for the positions to which they have been nominated is conceded by all, and there will be no trouble about their confirmation. M.

Big Fire at St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., September 25.—Three solid blocks of the finest business houses of St. Joseph are in ruins to-night, and a million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. About 10 this morning fire was discovered breaking out on the top floor of the eight story apartment house of Townsend & Wyatt. By the time the alarm was turned in flames burst from the entire top story. When the department arrived it was found the water pressure was weak and the firemen were compelled to fight at a disadvantage.

The flame spread rapidly and burned fiercely from four sides and the destruction of the best business interests of the city was imminent. At this time dynamite was resorted to and a number of buildings were blown up and the progress of the fire stayed. With the help of the Topeka and Kansas City fire departments, which were telegraphed for and arrived at the juncture, the fire was gotten under control.

The principal losers are the Townsend & Wyatt Dry Goods company, $250,000; insurance, $200,000; Central block, $85; insurance $75,000; Hoagland block, $75,000; insurance, $40,000; Regnier and Shoup Crockery company, $90,000 insurance, $70,000; Commercial bank, $80,000, fully insured; Carbrey block, $40,000; insurance, $25,000, and thirty smaller institutions which represent a loss of $175,000.

She Has Left The Count.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—Matrimonial troubles have separated the Count and Countess Pappenheim, and the latter will return to her home in Philadelphia next month. Before her marriage the Countess was Mary Wheeler, one of the daughters of the late millionaire Charles Wheeler Mrs. Wheeler has a magnificient country place at Bryn Mawr, but recently she has been living abroad, occupying the handbome estate "Shanklin," on the Isle of Wight.

The Count became connected recently with the German Legation in Paris, and took up his residence there with his wife and two children, after they had lived in various parts of the continent. It was during their stay in the French capitol that the Countess decided finally to leave her husband. Ill treatment was the cause. They were married in 1890.

A STEAM whistle has been made in Reading that can be heard 25 miles. It will be placed on car shops in Philadelphia.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Wreck on the Wabash Railroad.

KINGSBURY, Ind., Sept, 22.—A frightful train wreck occured here this morning on the Wabash road about 5 o'clock. Eastbound freight, No. 92 was sidetracked to allow the two sections of No. 55, westbound passenger, to pass.

When the first section of the passenger train had passed, the brakeman of No. 92, opened the switch to allow the freight to proceed on the main track. It is presumed he overlooked the signal, and before the error could be corrected the second section of the fast express came along at the rate of fifty miles per hour, crashing into the engine of the freight, which was yet on the side track. The passenger train was forty-five minutes late. Besides a fearful loss of life and a number injured, both engines were totally wrecked and two coaches, one baggage car and one sleeper were smashed and splintered.

The most of the passengers hurt were in the day cars. One sleeper was not derailed. Fifteen doctors were sent to the scene of the wreck, which is horrible in the extreme.

Of the dead three were trainmen and seven or more are passengers.

The engines were jammed into each other up to the tenders. The smoker and one day coach were telescoped, crushing the people in the latter in a sheart-sickening manner. The second day coach was thrown across the tracks on top of the debris of forward coaches. There two sleepers, the second of which crushed into the forward coach, and for the length of three berths was torn to atoms. The passengers, six in number, were badly shaken up but none killed.

Maniac on The Ferris Wheel.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.—The strong iron bars protecting the windows of the cars in the Ferris wheel, on Midway Plaisance alone prevented a tragedy yesterday. A visitor to the fair, who gave his name as A. G. Wherritt of Covington, Ky., entered one of the cars with his wife and as the ascension began complained of feeling sick. When the car passed over the centre and began to go down Wherritt nearly fainted. With a wild shriek, he sprang against the bars and was so strong in his paroxysms that he bent the heavy irons. Three or four men attempted to control him, but were powerless until the car had nearly reached the platform. There were no means of stopping until two revolutions had been made and the attendant tried to put him out as they passed, but the speed was too rapid.

When he found he would be obliged to make another circuit his terror was appalling. He begged to be put out, then for them to hold him down, and the few male passengers exhausted their strength before the conclusion of the trip. Just then a woman who refused to give her name took off the skirt of her dress and flung it over the maniac's head. It had a quieting effect and he lay perfectly still until the wheel stopped. Wherritt has a brain disease that causes a desire to throw himself off into space when above terra firma.

Run Into Runaway Cars.

LANCASTER, Sept. 26.—The Quarryville and Reading railroad, in passing through this city, crosses the Pennsylvania tracks on an overhead bridge, the distance between the King street depot and the bridge being less than half mile, making a very steep grade. This afternoon the train which leaves here at 3.15 for Lebanon had just pulled into the depot, when the engineer saw a runaway draught off our freight cars coming down the grade at terrific speed. Before he could reverse his engine the crash came, the first freight car being ground to splinters by the next telescoping it. The second was a large coal car, and, after striking the locomotive, it plunged to the right, fortunately away from the platform where the passengers were standing, and, after breaking off two telegraph poles, brought up within a few inches of the wall of a dwelling, a complete wreck. The whole front of the locomotive was crushed in and covered with debris.

The accident occured in the heart of the city, and the noise made by the collision sounded like a boiler explosion. The breaking of a brake chain started the runaways. There was no one on them, and, fortunately, no one injured. The tracks were blocked for several hours.

Unearthed Spanish Treasures.

OAKLAND, Cal., Sept. 18.—Mysterious diggers, supposed to be seekers after buried treasure, have unearthed in this city the underground ruins of a house.

They sunk a shaft fifteen feet deep near the lake and struck a wall partly of old Spanish bricks or tiles. Along this wall runs a tunnel, and at right angles to the tunnel runs a series of arches. The diggers broke through the wall into an underground house, the walls of which were of ordinary brick cemented with white clay. The Spanish tiles are hexagonal and flat.

The searchers broke from one room to an other, and if there was anything there they carried it off, for no trace of human occupancy remains. The general belief is that long ago this was the resort and storehouse of coast pirates. It was then isolated and easy of access from Frisco Bay. The history and the ownership of the land have been traced back forty years, and no more plausible explanation has been found. Sunday hundreds of people visited the place.

Succession Tax.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Mr. Erdman, of Pennsylvania, introduced in the house to-day a bill to impose a tax on succession to real estate and legacy. The measure provides that when the successor shall be the lineal issue of the predecessor a duty at the rate of 1 per cent. shall be assessed on the value in excess of $100,000 and less than $500,000 and 3 per cent. on values in excess of $500,000.

When the successor shall be in any other degree of collateral consanguinity to the predecessor, or a stranger in blood to him, a duty at the rate of 2 per cent. upon the value in excess of $100,000 and less than $500,000 is to be assessed, and on values above this a duty of 6 per cent.

The bill contains a provision that no duty shall be levied in respect of any successor when such shall be the wife of the predecessor.

NEWS AND OTHER NOINGS.

—Eight persons were killed and 20 injured by a wreck on the "Big Four" railroad near Manteno, Ill.

—A wild and wooly animal, that only attacks and eats dogs, is terorizing the country about Danville, Ky.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—By the bursting of an emery wheel at Stern's Manufacturing Works, Erie, Charles Shaffer met a terrible and instant death, and several other employes had narrow escapes.

—At Hazard, Nebraska, on Sunday, two boys, while trying to recover a ball, fell to the bottom of a well. The father of one of them was lowered into the well to rescue the boys, but when the three neared the top the rope parted, and all fell to the bottom and were killed.

—Two brothers named Dutar were playing at their home in Bloomington, Ill. One of them playfully threw at the other a short stick with a bent wire in the end of it. The wire was embedded in the throat of a nine-months-old brother, lying in a cradle. The child's carotid artery and jugular vein were severed, and it died in less than a minute.

—John McGuire, foreman of the lace works, Wilkesbarre, on Friday was convicted in the criminal court of rape, committed upon Kattie Roach, aged 16 years. His wife, who aided him in the commission of the crime, was also found guilty. After the verdict was announced the wife burst out crying and fell to the floor. She was carried from the court room, and both were placed in the prison van and taken to jail. They will be sentenced sometime during the next week.

Autumn Fashions For Ladies.

The latest news from the fashionable centers indicate that jackets with full skirts and very large sleeves will be extensively worn during the fall season, and also that the princess gown—the newest models of which are very elegant—will be very popular. As for skirts, the double skirt will be one of the features of the coming styles. For either jackets or waists the pretty "godets" drapery and the picturesque directoire revers will be universally adopted. The McDowell Magazines, which are the leading fashion publications, both in Paris and this country, contain many designs of all the newest styles. Moreover they give lessons on practical dressmaking which are of great assistance to professional, as well as to amateur dressmakers. And what is still more advantageous, Messrs. A. McDowell & Co. reproduce any of their illustrations or indeed, for that mater, any design clipped from any other fashion journal in the form of made up paper models—with flat patterns besides—exactly representing every detail of the original. This simplifies dressmaking in a remarkable degree, and is especially valuable to those who wish to appear well dressed on the most economical plan. "La Mode de Paris," "Paris Album of Fashion," "The French Dressmaker" and "La Mode" are the most popular of these magazines. The former two cost only $5.50 each a year or 35 cents a copy. "The French Dressmaker" is $3.00 per annum, while "La Mode" costs only $1.50 a year, or 15 cents a copy. If you are unable to procure any of these publications at your newsdealer's, do not accept any substitute, but apply directly to Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893,

at 1 o'clock P. M. at the late residence of H. H. Gardner, deceased, all the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain tract of land situate in Reade township, in said county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Henry Berner, Robert Hollen and Benjamin Myers, containing

52 ACRES,

more or less. About forty —— acres of said land are improved, and there is thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a large BANK BARN, and other outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent. of bid on day of sale when the property is struck down; one-third in thirty days, and the balance on or before the first day of April, 1894. Deferred payments to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

Possession to be given the first day of April, 1894. GEORGE V. GAEBNER,
Administrator of H. H. Gardner, deceased.
Sep. 1'29, 1893-4t.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

EAGLE BRAND
The Best
ROOFING

Is unequaled for house, barn, factory or outbuildings and costs half the price of shingles, tin or iron. It is ready for use and easily applied by anyone

Rubber Paint

Costs only 50 cents per gallon in barrel lots, or $4.50 for 5 gallon tubs. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs that will last for years. TRY IT. Send stamp for samples and full particulars.

Excelsior Paint and Roofing Company,
155 Duane St., New York, N. Y.
sep27 3m pr.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART.
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, Cambria county deceased, or against the estate of Eliza Noonan, late of said township, deceased, are requested to present their claims properly probated to me by May 25th, 1893.
M. D. KITTELL.
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1893.

EVERYTHING ON WHEELS.
Buggies, Wagons, Farm Machinery,
Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers.

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Oliver Invented and Gave to the World the Chilled Plow.

THE GENUINE **OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS**
MADE ONLY BY THE
Oliver Chilled Plow Works,
South Bend, Indiana,

ARE THE BEST GENERAL PURPOSE PLOWS IN THE WORLD.

A strong statement but a true one, for these plows are better known, have reached a larger sale, have had a longer run, have proved more popular and given better satisfaction than any other plows on the face of the globe.

We mean the GENUINE OLIVER, and not the imitations claiming to be the Oliver, or equally as good. Such imitations are on the market, placed there by unscrupulous manufacturers who seek to trade on the good name of the OLIVER.

Look out for imitations, buy only the genuine Oliver plows and repairs, and be sure you are right before you take the plow home.

☞Once more—Beware of "bogus" Oliver plows and repairs, and take none but the genuine, made by the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

ENORMOUS INCREASE IN SALES IN

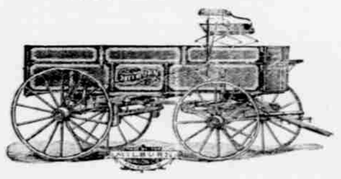
RICE COIL SPRINGS!

Look at My Unconditional Guarantee.

I guarantee the Rice Coil Spring Vehicles to be the easiest riding and most durable made in the world. If after six weeks' trial the Rice Coil is found not to be the easiest riding spring you ever used, I will exchange for any other style.

MILBURN

Hollow Axle.

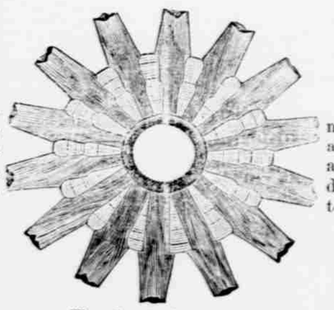


FARM WAGON.

MY CUSTOMERS SAY
IT IS THE
Easiest Running, Best Made, Best Painted, Best Ironed Wagon They Can Buy.
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED.

☞MILBURN NEW SPOKE LEAVES THE WOOD AT BOTH THROAT AND SHOULDERS.

The Weakest Point in a Spoke is where it enters the Hub. Milburn is the Strongest.



The Hub is not cut away at the center and the Spokes do not come together.

These four Spokes are same as used by other manufacturers of Farm Wagons.

MILBURN NEW HUB.

☞Send for special circulars and prices of anything in my line.

N. B. SWANK,
307 Cor. Main and Bedford Streets,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

FARMERS!
TAKE NOTICE.

If You Want
GOOD FLOUR
TAKE YOUR GRAIN TO THE
OLD SHENKLE MILL
In Ebensburg.
THE
FULL ROLLER PROCESS

For the Manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg, and turns out nothing but

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Bring in your Grain and give us a trial Each man's grain is ground separately and you get the flour of your own wheat The mill is run every day with the BEST OF POWER.

SAMUEL D. LUDWIG,
Proprietor.
sep15.93

FEES BROS.'
Shaving Parlor,
Main Street, Near Post Office

☞The undersigned desires to inform the public that they have opened a shaving par or on Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.
Your patronage solicited.
FEES BROS.

CASSIDAY'S
Shaving Parlor,
EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known Shaving Parlor is located on Centre street, near the County Jail, has recently been handsomely refurnished, papered, and fitted with every modern convenience, and is one of the prettiest, neatest, and best shops in Northern Cambria. It is in charge of competent workmen who will give every attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.
ROBERT CASSIDAY.

B. & B.
NEW
Dress Woolens
FOR
AUTUMN AND WINTER.

We're showing immense lines and choice, desirable stuffs, well-bought and well-selected from the best of the season's productions, of both foreign and domestic looms.

Prices to suit you all, from 25c. to $2.50 a yard.

A very desirable and extensive range of new

FALL DRESS WOOLENS.

Chevlots, Hopsacks, Illuminated or Two-toned Fabrics, Mixtures, Plaids, Checks, etc., in all the new color combinations—36 and 38 inch—50 cent stuffs,

At 45 Cents
A yard.

5 CENTS A YARD is not a big saving, but 5 cents on every yard all the year is quite an item, and worth looking after these times.

When you come to the Western Penna. Exposition, the rapid transit facilities, cable and electric cars, will bring you to the Allegheny side in three minutes, and its worth your while to come to this side if you have any trading to do.

If you're not coming to the Exposition, write us for

SAMPLES, PRICES,
and a copy of our
ILLUSTATED CATALOGUE
AND
FASHION JOURNAL,
or write us any way, whether you'll be in the city or not.
Post yourself upon the styles and prices.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

JUST RECEIVED.
A CAR LOAD OF
ODORLESS PHOSPHATE
AND
EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.
ALSO: SOME ELEGANT POTATO DIGGERS.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON.
HARNESS, ETC.
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL.
CRESSON, PA.
may2 '93 1y

JAMES QUINN.
IT WILL PAY YOU
To go QUINN'S, Clinton street, Johnstown, to buy Carpets, Linoleums, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Blankets, Feathers, &c. Prices Reduced on All Goods, and FREIGHT PAID on All Large Packages.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned in the estate of Catharine Tomlinson, late of Allegheny township, in Cambria county, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to us without delay and those having claims against said estate will present them for settlement.
JOHN TOMLINSON,
SIMON TOMLINSON,
Executors of Catharine Tomlinson, deceased.
Sept. 15, 1893.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mrs. Luke Ivory, of Loretto, is ill with typhoid fever.

—Miss Mary Ellen Ivory, of Loretto, is laid up with typhoid fever.

—Mr. John Yahner, of Patton, was a visitor to this office on Saturday.

—A car load of sheep was shipped from the station in this place on Monday.

—John Sharbaugh, Esq., of the Summit, was a visitor to our office on Thursday.

—Mr. James Boland, of Summitville, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Thursday.

—Mr. Joseph Long, of Summerhill, was a caller at the FREEMAN office on Thursday.

—Mr. John F. Wills, one of Loretto's popular merchants, was in town on Thursday.

—Mr. Frank Basil, of Ashville, dropped in to see us while in attendance at the fair on Wednesday.

—Mr. John R. McCloskey, of Gallitzin, a former resident of Ebensburg, was in town Thursday.

—Mr. J. E. Esch, one of Spangler's enterprising merchants, was a visitor to our office on Thursday.

—Mr. Robert Cassiday, of this place, has purchased a lot on Sample street, in the West ward, from Lemon Reed, Esq.

—Mr. John Mulvehil, a resident of Indiana county in the vicinity of Nicktown, died on Friday last, aged about 45 years.

—Potatoes were 25 cents a bushel in Punxsutawney last week. They sell for 40 cents here. Punxsy must be overstocked.

—It is said that the only certain way to tell a mushroom from a toad stool is to eat it. If you live it is a mushroom, if you don't it is a toad stool.

—Hannah Ager, of near Tyrone, Blair county, fell from the mow of their barn one day last week while gathering eggs and broke one of her legs.

—Mr. Theodore Storm, of Chest Springs and Miss Little, daughter of W. A. B. Litt, Esq., of Loretto were visitors to the FREEMAN office on Thursday.

—A case was decided in the Centre county court last week that has been pending for 8 years. Twelve hundred acres of valuable coal land were involved.

—Mr. Frank Hertzog, of Loretto, who is studying for the priesthood, will complete his studies at Rome, having been selected for that honor by Bishop Phelan.

—D. S. Myers, an old time Sanford of the Mountain House, in this place, but for a number of years one of Ashville's leading citizens, was in town on Wednesday.

—A game of base ball played in this place on Wednesday between a club from Beulah and the home club, resulted in a victory for Ebensburg by a score of 6 to 1.

—Hugh B. Rowe, an old citizen of Blacklick township, died at the almshouse on Sunday, aged about 70 years. His remains were interred in Lloyds cemetery on Sunday.

—Frank Bracken, of Garfield, Indiana county, while coupling cars at Mortrellville on Monday, had several fingers of his left hand smashed by being caught between the bumpers.

—The Gallitzin Independent Band is furnishing the music for the Ebensburg fair. The band boys are a clever set of fellows and the music is of choice selections and well rendered.

—There are only twelve miles of railroad to be constructed to connect the Clearfield coal regions with the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern railroad. Engineers are surveying the line.

—Frank Blair, of Morrellville, was struck by an east bound freight train on Monday afternoon and hurled from the track. He was pretty badly bruised but is believed he will recover.

—The exhibit at the fair of Messrs. J. Robinson & Son, marble and granite dealers in this place, is one of the finest there. It is like all they manufacture—finished up with great artistic skill.

—George Stobart, of East End, Pittsburg, on Tuesday shot his wife, killing her instantly, and then shot himself, dying several hours afterward. Domestic trouble was the cause. Seven children are orphans.

—The commission appointed by Governor Pattison to select a site for the proposed home for the feeble minded in Pennsylvania met in Pittsburg last Wednesday, but adjourned without taking any definite action.

—A few nights ago thieves attempted to force an entrance into the the Catholic parsonage at Indiana but were discovered by the housekeeper, who fired a couple of shots at them from a revolver, which they took to their heels.

—It is reported that about $175 has been taken from registered letters passing between Spangler and Bellefonte within the last month, and that the postoffice detectives are investigating with the hope of locating the guilty party.

—Lewis, McCoy & Co., the most extensive coal coal operators in Clearfield county have failed, and it is said that the real cause of the late General McCoy's failure at Tyrone is attributed to the forewoman of the firm.

—Uniontown, Fayette county is badly off for water. Manufacturing establishments have been shut down and it is hard to get enough for cooking and drinking purposes. Should a fire occur there would be no water to fight the flames.

—Jane Rann, aged 12 years, is reported to have died at Van Ormer on Sunday evening from eating toad stools by mistake for mushrooms. It is also reported that other members of the family are in a serious condition from the same cause.

—The Ebensburg Fair has been opened up since Monday with a good attendance and with the exception of Monday, with favorable weather. The exhibits surpass those of former years and the 3rd exhibition promises to exceel its predecessors.

—Mr. Herman Williams and wife of Reesedale, Pa., who have spent a couple of months in this place, during the shut down of the works where Mr. Williams was employed, will return to-day (Friday,) the works resuming operations on Monday.

—John P. Fetterhoff, brother of Frank Fetterhoff, editor of the *Daily News* at Huntingdon, while sitting on a barrel in a restaurant on Sunday night, suddenly fell dead from heart disease. He was 25 years old, unmarried, and had been in good health.

—On Monday night the house of a man named Lissner, residing near Ninevah, was entered by burglars who found one hundred dollars that was secreted in one of the rooms and carried it off. Entrance was secured through one of the windows that had not been fastened.

—The large frame barn of John Loughner, near Manor, Westmoreland county, together with its contents, was destroyed by fire on Friday night. The building contained 800 bushels of oats, a lot of hay, farm machinery, vehicles, etc. One valuable horse perished in the flames. The loss is estimated at $4,000, with about $1,800 insurance. The fire is supposed to be the work of a tramp. A large lot of wheat stored in a granary close by was saved.

—One night last week the postoffice at Shanksville, Somerset county, was entered by thieves and $750 in cash, checks and notes taken. The office is located in the store of Floto & Spangler and from the latter all the jewelry and a big quantity of cigars and tobacco was taken.

—Quite a number of people who never read the papers have been victimized by the fakirs attending the fair. One man on Wednesday lost seventy dollars but he afterwards had a warrant issued for the man who cleaned him out and he succeeded in recovering his money.

—Herman E. Baumer, son of ex-Sheriff Herman Baumer, of Johnstown, was injured in a foot ball game at Exeter, N. H., one day last week and fears were entertained for his recovery. The latest advices state that his condition has improved and that he is now out of danger.

—On Saturday afternoon the preliminary arrangements were made and articles of agreement signed by James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell to fight for the world's championship and a purse of $40,000. This fight will come off at Coney Island about the 18th of December.

—A three-year-old child of Charles Budney, of Johnstown, fell from a third story window Wednesday evening to the ground below a distance of thirty-two feet, and remarkable to relate was not instantly killed. Its injuries were of such a nature that its recovery is anticipated.

—Becoming enraged at his parents, Charles Lenox, of Webster, Pa., went to the railroad and laid down on the track in front of an approaching train. The train struck him and he was picked up about 75 feet away in a badly demoralized condition. His recovery is doubtful.

—Counterfeit money, both paper and silver, has been pretty extensively circulated in this city within the past few days, and quite a number of people have been victimized by the persons who are "shoving the queer." It will be well to closely scan all money tendered, no matter by whom offered.—*Altoona Tribune.*

—Saturday morning about 2 o'clock the large and well-filled barn of John Loughner, situated one-half mile east of Manor, was fired by an incendiary, and with this season's entire crop, a valuable horse, besides all his farming machinery, was reduced to ashes. The loss aggregates about $4,000, on which there is an insurance of $1,800.

—We feel sorry for our young friend Mr. Milton Bearer, of Carroll township, who lost a fine young horse on the fair grounds on Tuesday evening. Mr. Bearer had the horse entered in the farmers' running race and after the race was over the horse took sick, and notwithstanding everything was done that could be, the animal died that evening.

—Jimmie Brenner, the 15-year-old son of John Brenner, residing at Irwin, met with a very serious accident Thursday. The little fellow was gathering waste coal on Y. R. R. near the engine house and went to pick up a lump of coal from under a train standing on the track, when a sudden jerk of the engine started the cars and caught the boy's right hand, taking it off at the wrist.

—Henry Liveright, who operates seven coal mines in Clearfield and Centre counties, and was engaged in a large mercantile business in Osceola Mills has, failed. The unprotected indebtedness is variously estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000, and the assets are placed at $50,000. To-day Henry Liveright and the Henry Liveright company made an assignment of their entire property.

—The friends of Elmer Brenner, the murderer, who died in the Western penitentiary last week, had some trouble in finding a place to bury the remains. The burial permit had been issued, the grave dug in the Lutheran cemetery, Pittsburg, and the body taken to the graveyard, when the authorities interfered and refused to allow the interment to proceed because the man had died in the penitentiary. After some difficulty, permission was secured to bury the body in Woodland cemetery.

—Two bunco men robbed a wealthy farmer named Nicholas Mangel, in Penn township, Butler county, on Wednesday, of $5,000. The old man was induced to bet and won $5,000 but the bunco men refused to give the money up until the old man would produce a like amount. This he did when they induced him to put it in a box and carry the box home. On his arrival home he opened the box and found it contained a block of wood. The old man is quite wealthy and takes his loss philosophically and says it was a good game well played.

—The Juniata *Herald* says that Millerstown can boast of a 12-year-old boy who spent six days at the World's Fair and did not spend a cent for railroad fare or boarding. The boy's name is Harry Seibert. He beat his way to Chicago and a kind hearted gentleman paid his way into the grounds. Once inside the gates he stayed until he left for home. He slept in the coal bin of one of the boiler houses and begged his meals. He beat his way home, arriving dirty, tired and hungry. The first thing he did was to eat a good square meal.

—The Ebensburs *Herald* says: If ever there was a time when Protectionists should work it is now. The present hard times have vindicated our doctrine thoroughly. And yet we are still living under the abominable McKinley tariff. The *Herald* is as usual, blindly partisan and makes statements without due consideration of their meaning. The "hard times" which we have experienced vindicates the Protectionists like the statute of limitation vindicates a debtor and like said debtor they glory in the suffering they have caused.—*Somerset Democrat.*

—On Saturday night the store-room of Mr. Andrew Strittmatter, near the depot in this place, was entered by burglars and about twenty-five dollars' worth of goods taken. The entrance was effected by breaking the glass out of one of the windows. The goods taken consisted of gum boots, overalls, tobacco, cigars, etc. On leaving the parties forgot one of a pair of gum boots which they had filled with tobacco and then stuffed a pair of overalls in their leg. If the parties come around Mr. Strittmatter will present them with the odd boot as he has no use for it.

—At an early hour on Tuesday morning William F. Wingard, of Altoona, a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad, met a sudden and violent death at Bellwood while in the discharge of his duties. He had gotten off his engine to throw a switch and was engaged in this act when the third section of fast line came thundering along, and he being too close to its track, was struck on the head by its engine and almost instantly killed, his head being badly crushed and his brains knocked out. His body was taken to Altoona for interment where he leaves a wife and one son.

—Mr. John Seehler, at one time a resident of Cambria township, but for several years a resident of Altoona, died in that city on Wednesday, aged 81 years. The deceased leaves a widow and eight children all grown up, namely: William H., of Ebensburg; Joseph, of Cherrytree; John, of Altoona; Susan, wife of John C. Rugh, of Wilmore; Theresa, who is single and resides in Altoona; Mrs. Alice Edelman and Mrs. Annie Hoover, both of Pottstown, Pa., and Margie, wife of Benjamin James, of Cambria township. The remains of the deceased were taken to Wilmore to-day (Thursday) for interment.

—The recent robberies at Ninevah, Armaugh, New Florence and other places, with the incessant plundering of produce, small live stock, etc., from the farmers of Indiana county, has no parallel in the history of the state. Representative men of the towns named have taken the preliminary steps toward organizing a vigilance committee, and until the latest crops are housed the highways in certain localities will be patrolled at night by armed men. Stables, cribs, spring-houses, henneries, vineyards, orchards, and produce fields are dispoiled on such a scale that there is no question of an organized band shipping the stuff abroad. Potatoes, grapes, butter and fruit are stolen by the wagon loads.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Lowest Rate of the Year to Chicago.

The rapidly approaching termination of the Chicago Exposition and the enormous travel now directing itself to Chicago prompt the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to still further reduce its round trip rate on the popular World's Fair coach excursions. The rate from Philadelphia will will be $17; Lancaster, $16.85; Harrisburg, $15.75; Altoona, $14.50, and a proportionate reduction from other points along the main line and branches. These rates apply only to special trains leaving on September 28, October 2, and an additional one just arranged for October 6th. The tickets will, as before, be good for return passage within ten days on trains leaving Chicago at 3:15 and 11:30 P. M.

The rate has now reached the lowest possible point, and is within the means of almost everyone, which end the railroad company has long been endeavoring to attain. Early application for tickets is urged, in view of the increased demand which will undoubtedly follow this liberal announcement.

The service for this travel will be maintained at the same standard for which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is justly world-wide famous.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 27th, 1893:

Frederick Hank, Carroll township, and Teresa Kriezer, Barr township.

Martin Pogonis and Magdalena Jordovashes, Hastings.

Morrel' Swank and Emily A. Fry, Johnstown.

John Smith and Annie E. Brubaker, Trout Run, Pa.

Cyrus Fry, Allegheny county, and Mollie Crum, Washington township.

J. H. Rose and Lizzie Dorris, Johnstown.

Andy Marrfsock, Gallitzin, and Vereynecop Pelos, Glen White.

Frederick Marx and Johanna Nener, Johnstown.

Mathiot Reade and Annie Lloyd, Ebensburg.

Anthony Sedlmymer and Annie Arvil, Johnstown.

Antonia Bruner and Catharine Hendrick, Stonycreek township.

Albert Farabaugh, Carroll township, and Mary Fongheiser, Carrolltown.

Lee S. Miller, Johnstown, and C. Florence Ramsay, Battle Creek, Michigan.

May Visit Cambria.

The following from the Clearfield *Journal* may be of use to some of our school directors, as well as the average tax-payers, who usually have to foot the bill:

Only a few years ago several school boards in this county furnished the lawyers with some business by purchasing school globes and then, after finding that their teachers could not use them successfully sought to avoid the contract, and a great deal of litigation was the result. This year we hear of a man who has a great geographical chart, a very taking (?) thing for a school room, and with his peculiarly persuasive powers boards of directors have been induced to purchase to the amount of four and five hundred dollars, and already loud protests are coming from the people. The paper he gets signed reads "we severally" and "individually agree," etc., and the next thing we hear will be the school directors paying for the charts "severally" and "individually." Directors, before plunging their districts into heavy obligations should confer with those directly interested and ascertain whether they could be utilized by the teachers.

Law Governing Steam Engines.

The law governing the moving of steam engines on our public roads, which will be of interest to many is as follows, viz: "Every engine propelled by steam must have a man at least 300 yards ahead of the engine to warn persons riding or driving upon any public road, of the fact that the engine is coming, and also to assist in the management of any horse or horses that may require his assistance to control. It also requires the engines to run as far down as practicable to the sides of the road to remain stationary until said horse or horses have passed to a safe distance. In the meantime making as little noise as possible with the steam." The penalty for failing to comply with the law is a fine of ten dollars and costs. The law further requires the man in charge of the engine to have a printed copy posted on his engine under the fine of ten dollars.

Hard Times Past.

The country probably never before experienced such a hard panic with so little general effect on business, and the country has never been in as good condition as it is in to-day. The demand for articles of known purity and quality has been steadily increasing instead of decreasing. So it is with the rye whiskies bottled by Max Klein. The public know that the Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek ryes are the finest in the country. They know that doctors recommend them; that as a stimulant they are unsurpassed. They are for sale by all first-class hotels and dealers at $1.50, $1.25 and $1.00 per quart respectively. Send for a catalogue of the finest whiskies, wines and liquors in the state to Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Have Your Deeds Recorded.

According to an act of assembly, passed by the late legislature, it is provided that all deeds which are not recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds within 90 days after execution they shall be adjudged fraudulent as to any subsequent purchaser, mortgagee, or any creditor of the grantor. And it also provides that any deed made prior to the passage of the act (May 19, 1893), and not recorded within 90 days thereafter shall be adjudged fraudulent as to any subsequent purchaser, mortgagee, or any creditor of the grantor. This is a very important matter to property owners and it is advisable that persons having deeds in their possession, and not recorded, have them placed on record without delay.

Strange.

Verily these are the days when the farmer waxeth fat. Wheat is selling at sixty cents per bushel; wool, eighteen cents per pound; good horses, $50 per head, and the best cattle in the market at from two to three cents per pound.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

And all this is under the McKinley law that is supposed to protect all these producers. The wheat grower and the wool raiser, and the horse and cattle raiser are all taxed to help the sugar producer and the iron manufacturer, while they themselves have to take it as it comes. It is high time that congress should obliterate the McKinley fraud from the statute books and let each industry stand on its own bottom.

Jurors for December Term of Court.

Following is the list of grand and traverse jurors drawn for the December term of court:

GRAND JURORS.

Ahrens, Charles, blacksmith, Johnstown.
Blough, John H., miner, Richland township.
Bergenholtz, John, miner, Elder township.
Davis, Philip, farmer, Jackson township.
Ellsworth, John mill-hand, Johnstown.
Flinn, John, gentleman, Johnstown.
Harris, John W., laborer, Johnstown.
Jenkins Joseph, laborer, West Taylor township.
Lego, Chas'es, blacksmith, Tunnelhill.
Murphy, Daniel A., carpenter, Adams township.
McGonigle, Charles, miner, Lilly.
Miller J. A., mill-hand, Dale
Rose, Daniel, carpenter, Johnstown.
Spade, Robert, miner, Washington township.
Swank, John, laborer, Johnstown.
Spiegel, J. R., merchant, Jonnstown.
Shomo, James, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Singer, John L., lumberman, Johnstown.
Towle, James, farmer, Gallitzin township.
Umberger, Charles, teamster, Conemaugh.
Weltzer, George, teamster, Johnstown.
Wagner, H. E., merchant, Johnstown.
Westover, J. F., farmer, Susquehanna township.
Weisinger, Nathaniel, mill hand, Stonycreek township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Adams, John Q., foreman, Coopersdale.
Anderson, Henry, merchant, Morrellville.
Beltz, Joseph, miller, Stonycreek township.
Bender, A. J., miner, Gallitzin township.
Blough, C. E., gardner, Stonycreek township.
Blauser, Milton painter, Johnstown.
Baker, Peter, laborer, Lower Yoder township.
Burkhart, John, hotel-keeper, Johnstown.
Bell, George, foreman, Dean township.
Blimmel, John, hotel-keeper, Johnstown.
Border, John, sawyer, Portage borough.
Campbell, Wm., beater, Johnstown.
Deiner, Wm., saddler, Johnstown.
Ellenberger, Geo. W., laborer, Johnstown
George, Samuel, farmer, Blacklick township.
Good, Christian, farmer, East Taylor township.
Hoskins, Seth, draughtsman, Johnstown.
Hancell, Wm. R., teamster, Gallitzin borough.
Hefferline, Wm. J., carpenter, Johnstown.
Ingiebaugh, Harry, machinest, Johnstown.
Killin, Wm. H., farmer, East Taylor township.
Miehlhauser, George, tinner, Johnstown.
McBreen Thomas, huckster, Ebensburg.
Mossholder, James, farmer, Upper Yoder township.
Murphy, John R., laborer, Franklin.
McCartney, Wm. C., mason, East Conemaugh.
Miles, Edward J., laborer, Johnstown.
Ott, Edward, foreman, Johnstown.
Ott, Wm. F., pattern-maker, Johnstown.
Penrod, James, lat orer, Stonycreek township.
Printer, W. H., painter, Allegheny township.
Quartz, Michael, conductor, Washington township.
Rornaugh, Elias, fireman, East Conemaugh.
Swank, C. J., carpenter, Coopersdale.
Sankeld, A. R., laborer, Gallitzin borough.
Sandford, Harry, laborer, Johnstown.
Seddler, Daniel, moulder, Johnstown.
Sewit, John, mill hand, Johnstown.
Sloan, Robert A., mill-hand, Johnstown.
Thomas, James, laborer, Johnstown.
Varner, William, hester, Johnstown.
Wingard Willis, teacher, Richland township.
Winegard, Levi P., farmer, Richland township.
Warner, Edward, tailor, Cresson township.
Wickes, J. J., merchant, South Fork.
Waters, Josiah, constable, South Fork.
Wendtroth, Geo., clerk, Summerhill borough.
Wharton James T., laborer, Dean township.
Yost, Jac b, farmer, Cambria township.
Yoder, Hiram, sawyer, Morrellville.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Ahrens, Charles, Jr., laborer, Johnstown.
Anderson, John, miner, Blacklick.
Boyer, E. F., teacher, Coopersdale.
Baker, Joseph A., farmer, Johnstown.
Boyle, Charles, heater, Johnstown.
Bridges, Harry, plumber, Johnstown.
Cronin, David, foreman, Johnstown.
Capstick, James, Jr., machinest, East Conemaugh.
Crum, Austin T., farmer, Summerhill township.
Caulfield John, conductor, Morrellville.
Dewling, Richard, barber, Johnstown.
Davis, James, mill hand, Johnstown.
Eagh, Charles A., machinest, Morrellville.
Evans, John D., laborer, Ebensburg.
Farabaugh, Peter P., mason, Carroll township.
Fry, Ed. D., farmer, Allegheny township.
Giffin, S. J., carpenter, Johnstown.
Coebert, Christ., heater, Johnstown.
Hamilton, John B., laborer, South Fork.
Helsel, George W., farmer, Portage township.
Huntley, George, merchant, Ecensburg.
Hite, John H., farmer, Blacklick township.
Jones, Milton, laborer, Ebensburg.
James, E. A., Jr., agent, Johnstown.
Jones, Thomas L., farmer, Cambria township.
Kuntz, W. D., painter, Johnstown.
Keene, Edward, painter, Johnstown.
Kidd, John A., laborer, Johnstown.
Kinney, John J., merchant, Tunnelhill.
Lykens, R. D., clerk, Washington township.
Lewis, Evan G., foreman, Johnstown.
Leyburg, Charles, dairyman, Stonycreek township.
McVicker, James, saddler, Richland township.
Myers, Adam, gentleman, Washington township.
Nix, Robert, merchant, East Conemaugh.
Olson, John, machinest, Morrellville.
Rose, Daniel, carpenter, Johnstown.
Roberts, Joseph, laborer, Johnstown.
Roth, E. C., merchant, Johnstown.
Rean, Samuel J., laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Rorabaugh, H. J., engineer, Summerhill borough.
Stevenson, John, miner, Elder township.
Strieker, William, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Troxel, Samuel, farmer, West Reade township.
Thomas, E. O., laborer, Morrellville.
Weakland, Isaac J., constable, Carroll township.
Wardle, David, fireman, Conemaugh township.
Wantermire, W. C., carpenter, Coopersdale.
Zimmerman, Eugene, liveryman, Johnstown.

Real Estate Transfers.

Walter Strayer to Adam Wrobel, Morrellville, $400.

Samuel J. Miller to Joseph Yoder, Adams township, $70.

Charles Von Lunen to Anna Schoenwalter, Johnstown, $350.

Alice Long to Daniel Orr, Blandsburg, $75.

George Rupe to John Merkel, Jr., Lilly, $100.

Anna Weaver to Lydia B. Miller, Richland township, $2,800.

Evan Rowland to George W. Kels, West Taylor township, $175.

Henry Fox to Margaret Dumm, Carroll township, $1.

Henry Pennington to Henry Alleman, White township, $400.

Sheriff Cambria county to Michael Bradley, Lilly, $25.

Albert L. Johnson to James Bache, Johnstown, $550.

Margaret Fogle, guardian, to George Brant, Lilly, $25.

George F. Miller, to Edith Boone, Reade township, $1.

Jacob A. Hoover to C. & C. R. R. Co., Carroll township, $300.

Administrator of Elias Driscoll to Mary Jane Driscoll, Susquehanna township, $275.

John J. Teeter to Ephriam Findley, West Taylor township, $270.

Aaron Strayer to Ephriam Findley, Morrellville, $450.

Clark J. Duncan to George Fox, White township, $3,500.

Executor of Jeremiah Wissinger to Abraham Fyock, Stonycreek township, $900.

Abraham Fyock to Samuel H. Fyock, Stonycreek township, $400.

Chest Creek Land & Improvement Co. John Girgleordi, Patton, $300.

Trustees of Elizabeth Baumer to Charles F. Krass, Johnstown, $2,325.

Charles Von Lunen to Joseph Karl, Johnstown, $400.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to Simeon B. King, Spangler, $200.

William A Griffith to Agnes Markle, Johnstown, $2,000.

James L. Mitchell to George W. Mitchell, Summerhill township, $1,300.

I. E. Chandler to Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, Morrellville, $1,200.

G. D. Byers to Henry Pennington, White township, $500.

J. L. Spangler to William Patrick, Hastings, $125.

Chest Creek Land and Improvement Co. to John Patton, $250.

Henry Schmalz to Benjamin Roundabush, Dale Borough, $850.

Chest Creek Land and Improvement Co. to George R. Rishel, Patton, $375.

David P. Coulter to Felix Rively, East Conemaugh $650.

James H. Gageby to Dr. H. F. Tomb, Johnstown, $3,120.

J. L. White, guardian, to Dr. H. F. Tomb, Johnstown, $520.

Mrs. M. J. Kennedy to Albert S. Witt, Johnstown, $700.

Cyrus Holfa to Morgan L. Williams, West Taylor township, $7,000.

J. L. Spangler, Trustee, to Susanna Wyland, Spangler, $150.

J. L. Spangler, Trustee, to Joseph Waland, Spangler, $200.

Chest Creek Land and Improvement Co. to C. H. Hodgkins, Patton, $200.

—Mrs. Catharine Doran, wife of Michael Doran, of Altoona died suddenly of heart failure on Friday afternoon, aged 48 years. Shortly before her death, Mrs. Doran had gone to the cellar to attend to some household duties. She was soon afterwards found lying there with life extinct. A physician was summoned but his services were of no avail as life was already extinct. Mrs. Doran leaves a husband and four children to mourn her death.

Miscellaneous Notices.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a number of lots for building purposes in Washington township, Cambria county, adjacent to the coal mines of Powell & McCoy, now in operation. These lots are situated midway between Summit and the high bridge, on the township road. Call on or address PAUL M'KENNA,
Sept. 1, 1893. Summit, Cambria Co., Pa.

LOST.—Small purse, dark green lizard skin, with plain silver clasp, containing several dollars. Lost on Munster turnpike between O'Hara's and Cresson. Suitable reward for return of same to Mrs. Maurice Comer, P. O Box 45, Cresson, Pa.

WANTED.—Catholic young man to collect, deliver and solicit. Address with reference. P. F. McGOVERN,
79 Webster Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 15-3t.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in September, $1,000.00. THOS. DAVIS,
LESTER LAMMER, Secretary. President.

AGENTS (male or female) make $10 a day. A New invention. Every household must have it. Small outlay, big profits. Perfection Mfg. Co., 153 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O.

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Attorneys at Law,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENNA.
Office on Centre street. [4 28 93

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Special attention to given claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'86

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA
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ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
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The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

HOTEL LEGRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm having specialties on the road. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. S. [illegible], 342 Broadway, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

WE ARE

THE PEOPLE!

We are convinced that our prices and goods are right. Since we became Simon & Co.'s successors our daily sales up to date have increased just 40 per cent., and we still continue to sell at the same small profit figures. In Clothing you can be suited in a Suit for yourself, your boy or boys in higher quality than price. In Spring and Summer Styles we are stocked up to overflowing. We feel confident that if you come to us you will go away better pleased than ever before, as this is our motto:

Please and Satisfy Everybody.

Why do you get your Shirts made when you can get them to fit you at such a remarkably low price and goods to suit the most particular.

We have Shirts from 25 cents up to $2.98.
Men's Fedora Hats in every shade, color and style that you want for $1.48.
Also a very fine line of the latest and most fashionable Stiff Hats from 50 cents up.

FURNITURE.

Below we will quote a few prices. Then you can judge for yourself.

1 set good yellow Chairs	$ 3.00
1 set good dark Chairs	2.50
1 set good dark Chairs	3.00
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	4.58
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	5.50
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	6.00
1 set cane seat Chairs, Mahogany	6.24
1 Oak Rocker with arm	1.75
1 Dark Rocker with arm	1.60
1 Oak cane seat, fancy arm	2.85
1 dark cane seat, fancy	2.75
1 light, very fancy arm	3.00
Child's Rockers, 50c., 65c., 75c. and	1.00
Perforated Chairs and Rockers in all styles and prices.	
1 full 8-piece Mahogany or Walnut Bed-room Suite	24.00
1 full 8-piece Oak Bed-room Suit	27.00
Sideboards, Cupboards and Sinks a specialty.	

Oil Cloth & Carpets.

We are stocked in Oil Cloth and Carpets. It will save you money to buy of us as in buying our stock early and in large quantities we saved money.

Floor Oil Cloth from 25 cents to 48 cents per square yard.
Ingrain Carpet, one yard wide, at 30, 40, 48 and 60 cents.
Stair Carpet from 23 cents up to 50 cents per yard.

SHOES! SHOES!

If you wish to get a good and substantial Shoe call on us. You will surely find something that will suit you.

Ladies' dongola plain tip and spring heel, button	$1.25 to $2.00
Ladies' dongola, opera and common sense, button, heel	$1.25 to 1.50
Ladies' extra fine tipped Bucher	2.50
Ladies' russet, tipped, button	2.00
Ladies' fine pebbled buttoned; also. Misses' and Children's patent leather tipped	$1.10, $1.25, 1.30
Ladies' fine surge, button or lace	1.28
Ladies' tipped and common sense Oxfords	$1.00 and 1.25
Children's tipped Oxfords	.50
Children's russet and dongola spring heel	$2.00 and 1.10
Infants' shoes from 22 cents up.	
Men's lace and congress shoes	1.25
Men's satin calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's B calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's tipped Blucher, extra fine	2.50
Men's fine hand-sewed, lace or congress	3.00
Men's Oreaclan calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's fine Kangaroo tipped, lace or congress	3.00
Men's extra fine gossamere calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's grain plow shoes, buckled, Ballist tongue	1.35
Mens working shoes you can get from us from .99 cents to	1.25

DRY GOODS.

Ladies, here is the place to get your dry goods.
Curtains from 75 cents $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' percale waists, light or dark, 50 cents.
Ladies' batest waists, figured and striped, with ruffled front at 74c.
White waists, all kinds of material, the latest and most fashionable styles, from 69 cents to $2.48.
Dress ginghams for 8 cents per yard and up.
Apron ginghams from 4½ to 10 cents.
Muslin in bleached or unbleached from 4½ to 10 cents.
In Calico we are stocked full of the finest, newest and most desirable in the market, at from 3 to 14 cents.
Ladies' skirt embroidery, 40 inches wide, for 48 cents and up.
Flouncing embroidery from 35 cents to to $1 per yard.
A complete line of trimmings of all sorts and dresses in all styles on our shelves and counters.
Call and see them. You can't help but buy, as the bargains we are offering in the ladies line are something that you can't grasp every day.

We challenge any one to equal the intrinsic value as well as the variety and extent of our bargain offering this season. Don't wait but come at once to

Yours Respectfully,

NORTH & CO.,
THE LEADERS,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

N. B.—It may be of interest to you to say we are still deep in the grocery business. It will surprise you to see the way we are selling goods in this department of our mammoth store. Some merchants say "I wonder where they can get goods to sell at those figures, as we can't buy them wholesale at the prices they are retailing for." Here is the the secret: We know where the goods grow—that is why we sell so low. And when you come to town,

Look for the Red Flag--That is the Place.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA
TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT
JOHN McCONNELL'S
1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

SUMMER WEAR!

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL,
ALTOONA, PENNA.

A FULL NEW STOCK
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
—AND—
UNDERWEAR
—AT—
C. A. SHARBAUGH'S,
CARROLLTOWN.
Look for Ad. next week.

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Marble and Granite Works,
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—DEALERS IN—

Monuments, Headstones, Vaults and Sarcophagis, Marble and Marbleized Slate Mantels, Cemetery Fencing of all kinds. Also Iron Fencing for public buildings and dwellings.

Purchasers will find our prices the lowest when they consider the class of work we manufacture. We also buy by the car-load and give customers the advantage of reduced freight.

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NINETY-THIRD YEAR Opens Sept. 13. Fully equipped for college work. Elective courses adapted to study prepare for study of the learned professions. Laboratories for Chemistry, Mineralogy and Biology. Athletic Field and new Gymnasium with Medical Director. Expenses very moderate. Alumni 3627. Address THE PRESIDENT, Washington, Pa.

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This eminent Physician has devoted a lifetime to his Specialty—Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lung and Chronic Diseases.

The Doctor has been for years a Professor and lecturer in several of our largest Medical Colleges, and has earned great fame as an authority and author on all subjects concerning his specialty.

CAMBRIA HOUSE, EBENSBURG, PA.,
Mondays, August 14; September 11, October 9, November 6, December 4, 1893, January 1, 29; February 26, March 26, April 23, May 21, June 18, 1894, till 6 P. M.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Opposite the Pennsylvania Depot,
Tuesdays, August 15, September 12,

THE HEROES OF ROMANCE

They Are Seldom Taken from the Middle Classes.

Strictly Speaking, There Are But Two Normal Heroes of Fiction, and They Are the Warrior and the Fairy Prince.

It is lamentable, indeed, when you come to reflect on it, how large a proportion of useful and respectable callings falls under the ban of romance. What poet or romancer ever made his first lover, for example, a baliff or a beadle? Yet bailiffs and beadles are men and brothers. They may do their oftentimes dangerous duty with the dash of a Rupert, or the cool courage of a Cromwell, says Macmillan's Magazine, yet they are frankly impossible as heroes of romance. De Quincey makes a remark somewhere to the effect that one would not be inclined to think highly of a man who, in the absence of predisposing circumstances, deliberately and for the love of the business decided to be a butcher. Yet butchers are husbands and fathers, and have blood in their veins as well as on their aprons. As a matter of statistics, I believe hardly a day passes but some solicitor falls in love; yet no court of love or literature will give him audience as a lover, nor take cognizance of his pleadings. The breast of the stockbroker is swayed by the bears and bulls of passion no less than by the subtler influences of financial speculation. Yet his name is not honored in the more than royal exchange of romance. Then, with one stroke of the pen, romance rules out the whole amorous mob of retail traders. They are not altogether absent from the pages of romance, these worthy citizens. Only they have to forego the heroic parts and put up with being supernumeraries or villains or comic characters. About the butcher I am doubtful. Not even Dickens, I think, found room for a butcher amid his Babylon of trades. Nor with Shakespeare is it any better. Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the tinker, and Starveling the tailor, are very well to play the fool, to divert the duke and ladies, but none of them, not even Bottom translated, is a fit object for a lady's love. As the democratic Whitman has complained, in a Shakespearean play the mass of industrious citizens is just a mob to throw up its sweaty night-caps in some Cæsar's honor at the bidding of an Antony. What is there about a trade thus to incapacitate a man for romance?

Strictly speaking there are but two normal heroes of romance, the warrior and the fairy prince. If there is no fairy prince at hand, an ordinary prince will do. The English duke is, as the American moralist rightly enough divined, only a modern variety of fairy prince. To be mistaken for a fairy prince the English duke no doubt needs to be looked at from the other side of the Atlantic. Seen at close quarters, in the house of lords, on the race course or in the law courts, he is apt to appear fleshy. But he has the essential attribute of the fairy prince, which is rarity. There are but two dozen or so of him all told, and most of them have been bespoken or used up. He has besides, for the American girl, another of the essential secrets of romance—he is exotic. It is the good fortune and fascinating fashion of the fairy prince to descend always from some unknown upper and diviner air That it is which makes the Prince Charming of the fairy tale so irresistible. So it was that Cupid came to Psyche, to cherish her with his secret and invisible godhead. So Perseus floated on winged sandals through the welcoming air to Andromeda's feet to slay the monster. So Lohengrin came flashing in a swan-drawn skiff from the mysterious halls of the Holy Grail, to champion maiden innocence against treachery and slander. The fairy prince, you see, commonly includes the warrior's part, and is doubly resistless coming in the nick of time to fight a distressed damsel's battles and to slay her dragons. You may depend upon it that what tells chiefly with the girls against the eminently respectable race of bankers and brewers and doctors and lawyers is their appalling commonness, their frequency, I mean, and familiarness. What should there be in one brass plate out of a dozen in the same street to throw a romantic girl off her emotional balance? When the modern novelist would surmount the professional high hat with the aureole of romance, he tricks out his tame hero to mimic the traditional advantage of prince or champion.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

WALTER RESANT has hurried off to Vermont to join Rudyard Kipling, and they will do the world's fair together.

JOSEPH NICOLA, a Penobscot Indian, has written a one hundred and seventy-five page book telling of the doings of his tribe from way back up to the present year.

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S novel, "The Prince of India," is nearly ready for publication. The catastrophe of the book is the assault and sack of Constantinople in 1453, and the entry of Mohammed II. into Saneta Sophia.

MRS. STANNARD, the writer, who is best known by the name of John Strange Winter, says she knows of one happy marriage that was the result of a proposal made on the fourth day after the couple met. It is her own.

MRS. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has used the money received from the edition of "Prue and I," published by the Harper Brothers last Christmas, as a fund for a free scholarship in the Staten Island academy, in memory of her husband.

FROM THE JEWELERS.

THE latest ornament for my lady's hair shakes and quivers as she moves. It is a pair of antennae in rhinestones, set in silver and mounted on a spring, which gives the tremulous effect.

WONDERFUL lizards, three or four inches long, made of three rows of tiny close set emeralds, with here and there a diamond adding luster, are trifles which any right-minded woman will gratefully receive for a birthday gift.

SINCE the spoon's field of usefulness . been restricted to tea and coffee, strawberry forks have made their appearance. They are small, with short handles and tines two inches long. Either two or three tined ones are used.

TO SERVE your nuts and raisins correctly you must have a nut and raisin spoon, which is a shovel-shaped ladle with a perforated silver handle decorated with nut and leaf clusters and squirrels disporting themselves gayly at the ends.

Telephoning on Telegraph Wires.

An apparatus has been constructed for telephoning simultaneously over telegraph wires. The system has been in operation for some time on the telephone line from Budapest to Szegedin, a distance of 124 miles. The results were satisfactory. The apparatus can easily be inserted in a telegraph circuit and used at once. It is said that simultaneous telegraphy along the wire does not in the least interfere with telephoning, and that the effects of induction and all disturbing noises are completely removed.

COL. C. W. DEAN.

SUNSTRUCK IN BATTLE!

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.—I must say the **Restorative Nervine** and **Nerve** and **Liver Pills** have done me **great good.**

FOR YEARS I HAVE NOT FELT AS WELL AS NOW.

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AMERICAN COLUMBUSES.

Lineal Descendants Who Have Descended Just as Far as the Duke of Veragua.

For the last fifty-two years there has lived in Buffalo a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, and around the knees of this patriarch could be gathered to-day eight living children, thirty grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, so that there is little danger of the name of Columbus becoming extinct or forgotten.

The name of this venerable descendant of a famous man, says the Philadelphia Press, is Alexius Columbus. He is ninety-six years old. There is no doubt about his age or nativity, for these matters were verified by his son, John Columbus, with whom the old man makes his home, and who for that purpose paid a visit to Quebec, near where Alexius was born and reared. The old man is in fairly good health. His skin is swarthy and his hair is snow white. His children are all lighter complexion, except one daughter, Mrs. Rosa Columbus Sours, of Chicago, who inherits her father's dusky skin. Since the death of his wife, last spring, at the age of seventy, Alexius has been steadily falling in spirit.

Alexius Columbus was a ship builder by trade, as were his ancestors. He is the only one of his generation who came to the states. His sisters and brothers lived in the province of Quebec, though it is not known that more than one of them is still surviving. An uncle of Alexius lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen. The old man is a great lover of tobacco. He constantly chews or smokes. He has always drank, and to this day has his bottle of whisky in his room, from which he takes a nip whenever he feels so inclined. Of late the old man has not been regular in his drinking habits, and will sometimes pass a day or two without taking a dram. His sons attribute this to approaching dissolution, and think the old man has not long to live.

"I have been asked several times," said John Columbus, his son, "if father would go to the world's fair. Some of my sisters are very anxious that he should go, but I oppose the idea. I think the old man would better pass the remainder of his days in quiet here than to be exposed to the danger of travel and the fatigue. Beside I hardly think the old gentleman would enjoy it. He is not a learned man. He never had any schooling. He cannot read and he hardly appreciates the significance of the Columbian exposition."

His son John, it may be added, is a well-educated and prosperous man. Alexius, the father is still an active man and possessed of no mean physical powers. The wife of Alexius was an English woman. The grandchildren of this union retain the athletic mold, though their features are American, not continental.

A ROYAL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A Woman Who Holds the Peace of Europe in Her Hands.

It is the popular idea that in the hands of the czar of Russia lies the fate of Europe. The situation is something like this: On the one hand is the triple alliance—Germany, Austria, Italy. On the other hand is sorrowful France, and, through its natural enmity to Germany, Russia for an invincible ally. Russia, with its legions of men machines, its cannon, its war ships, its gold ready to be thrown against the peace of Europe, is at the command of one mind, one will—that of the czar No other such potentate exists on earth. Yet the popular idea, it seems, is wrong. Not in the hands and at the will of this powerful monarch lies the peace of Europe. It rests between the gentle, frail palms of a woman, the czar's mother-in-law. According to Made Blowitz, in an article on the situation in Europe in McClure's Magazine but for the queen of Denmark Europe would be a battleground, and the civilized world would resound with the groans of the wounded and the cries of the women and children who are bereft. The queen of Denmark loves the young Emperor William, whom she affectionately calls "my angel." The czar loves the mother of his wife. It is her gentle diplomacy that brought about the meeting of reconciliation between the two emperors at Kiel. It is to gratify the kindly affection and not to grieve the affectionate heart of a woman in her declining years that the two proud young turkey-cocks of emperors are forbearing to slay one another's subjects and drench Europe in blood. Surely the power of affection and the influence of woman was never shown in a more interesting manner. But what is best worth remarking is that the destiny of Europe is in the keeping of a mother-in-law.

MARRIAGE IN THE ORIENT.

Wives in Turkey, in Persia and in Thibet—Plurality of Spouses.

In Persia it is an almost invariable custom to choose a wife from among one's relations, such as cousins in a near or remote degree, and only among acquaintances when failure has occurred in following the old habit. The Hebrews especially sanctioned a plurality of wives according to the law of Moses, and that shows how thoughtful they were of the future of their race—so much so that sterility in a wife was considered a sufficient reason for contracting another marriage.

The lot of a Turk who has to bear the whims and caprices of his numerous wives is anything but an enviable one, says the Pall Mall Budget. The harem is not, as many persons suppose it is, a building wherein all a Turk's wives live together. Each legitimate wife of a pasha has a separate dwelling, her own cook, her own coachmen—in a word, her own separate household. True it is that all the dwellings are inclosed within one surrounding wall, and frequently they are beneath one roof, as is the case in our modern flats, but nevertheless the isolation is complete among the wives.

The etiquette among Turkish ladies is somewhat complicated and the system is hierarchical, the favorite exercising an undisputed authority ove the others. In the sultan's harem the supreme authority is vested in his mother, who takes the title of sultana valide, and she alone is entitled to go to and fro in the harem unveiled. It is only when she goes out that she wears the yashmak. At the present time the veil used by Turkish ladies is no longer what it was. Its transparency admits of a pretty face being easily outlined. When the yashmak is very thick one may conclude that the face it hides is not very seductive. In spite of the progress of civilization and the consequent transformation of habits and customs in many countries the position of woman in Turkey has only slightly changed; it is only in exceptional cases that those belonging to the higher classes are unaccompanied out of doors by eunuchs. These are the cadines, who have adopted and follow the Paris and London fashions, and it has even been whispered that there are mysterious assignations in the shops of the grand bazar at Constantinople, where some ladies spend a good deal of their time on the plea that they have numerous purchases to make.

In Thibet they reverse the order of things, for in that country it is not unusual to see a woman married to a plurality of husbands, sometimes two or more chosen from among her cousins.

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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AN UNPLEASANT COUNTRY.

Some of the Objections to Living in Northern Borneo.

The northern half of the island of Borneo is the queerest and most unsatisfactory place to live that one can imagine, thinks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is a land of constant recurring phenomena, where cyclones are frequent and deluges of water very common. The vegetation in that half is very fine, but in all probability the wildest and most tangled on earth—not even excepting that of Africa. The cause of all the trouble is the shallow condition of the sea north of it, great shoals of sand existing a few miles out which extend along its entire northern length. These shoals are covered by a depth of water not over five feet deep. The constantly recurring winds that blow in that climate change to hurricanes and sweep the smaller islands of all visible life. When such a storm strikes the sand shoals north of Borneo it sweeps up the shallow salt water in its course and drenches the island with it. Often it gathers up sand, great masses of it, from the clear-swept shoal and whirls it for miles high over the island, carrying it into the island and scattering it everywhere. The work of these storms does not always end with that. Entire shoals of fish, of all sizes, have been swept up time and again by the fierce wind with the water and sand and scattered about Borneo. In some places the ground would be literally covered with fish, enough to supply a heavy population for weeks. But such luck is no reparation for the evil the winds do, and consequently the northern half will never be inhabited by those who value their lives.

A BOY'S PLUCK.

Nine-Year-Old David Captures a Thirty-Two Pound Carp.

An exciting combat between a nine-year-old boy and a thirty-two-pound German carp took place on James Moore's farm, near Bristol, says the Philadelphia Record. The Neshaminy creek in rainy seasons fills the ditches of adjacent farms with water from eighteen inches to two feet deep. The other day David Cherry, the young son of John Cherry, of this place, and two small companions went fishing up the creek. In one of the open ditches on the Moore farm the lads espied three huge carp flopping about, the water being too shallow for them to swim without greatly disturbing the surface. David, pluckier than his playmates, jumped into the ditch and seized the largest of the monster fish. The carp, nearly as big as the boy, had the advantage, being in its native element. Young Cherry had tight hold of it, but the carp plunged through the water and mud, dragging the lad behind. The boys on shore thought their companion would surely be drowned, for often his whole body was under water. At last the fish grew so weary in his mighty efforts to escape his captor that he could be thrown out upon the bank. Then all three boys jumped upon the carp and held him to the ground until he had gasped out his life. They lugged their trophy home and put it on the scales. The fish weighed thirty-two pounds.

UNDER THE WEATHER.

A Realistic Picture of Her Majesty Queen Anne.

Those outside of a palace may feel Shakespeare's sentiment: "There's such divinity doth hedge a king;" but it is hardly possible to those inside. One of the Scotch commissioners to negotiate a union between Scotland and England, Sir John Clerk, could not have felt it during an official interview with Queen Anne, of whom he gives this realistic picture:

"Her majesty was laboring under a fit of the gout, and in extreme pain and agony, and on this occasion everything about her was much in the same disorder as about the meanest of her subjects. Her face, which was red and spotted, was rendered something frightful by her negligent dress, and the foot affected was tied up with a pultis and some nasty bandages.

"I was much affected at this sight and the more when she had occasion to mention her people of Scotland, which she did frequently to the duke. What are you, poor mean-like mortal, thought I, who talks in the style of a sovereign!

"Nature seems to be inverted when a poor, infirm woman becomes one of the rulers of the world; but, as Tacitus observes, it is not the first time that women have governed in Britain, and indeed they have sometimes done this to better purpose than the men."—Youth's Companion.

A SMALL FAVOR.

Pat's Funny Request Put a Stop to the Duel.

Although it is a familiar saying that an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse. This is dueling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to us.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a milestone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon, one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered: "I tould ye thot ye might lean ag'in the milepost, and now I would like the privilege of lean in' ag'in the nixt one."

The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.—Youth's Companion.

People Who Fall Safely.

A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one, because the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened, for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum, for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body. And it is a remarkable and well-known fact to those who have to deal with such cases, adds the Boston Herald, that whatever injuries are so caused heal much more rapidly than in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.

The Rainbow as a Water Pipe.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as a great bent pump or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water-pipe."

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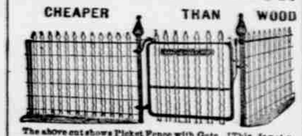

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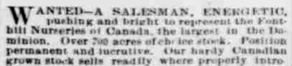

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DISCOVERIES OF IMPORTANCE.

Cotton Waste Transformed Into Nitrate of Cellulose—A New Dynamo.

An interesting discovery has been made by two young chemists of London which will doubtless have a very important bearing on the manufacture of cotton, says a London correspondent of the New York Times. Cotton waste is transformed by a new process into nitrate of cellulose, and cotton fabrics can be covered with a solution of it which will add materially to the weight, strength and value of the material. Thin, light-weight fabrics can be filled up with this preparation, which costs little more than sizing and fuller's earth. The cellulose thus prepared is also applicable to many different purposes. The cost is very little more than the raw material, being cheap and the process of manufacture inexpensive.

Another invention of moment is one which enables waste paper to be converted into kegs, barrels and vessels of every description. In making kegs and barrels ingenious machinery is employed, which enables the manufacturer to turn them out with solid heads if desired. There will be a large demand for the product in the shape of kegs and barrels for powder, as no dampness can be contracted, since they are water and damp proof.

The latest improvement in dynamos is one which gives a continuous current without brushes and armatures. Scientists were incredulous and pronounced this impossible, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the new dynamo gives a steady and continuous current notwithstanding it was declared an impossibility. At least one of the first electricians of England, who was an unbeliever, now certifies that the new dynamo is a success.

Most important improvements have been made by an Austrian long domiciled in England in meth